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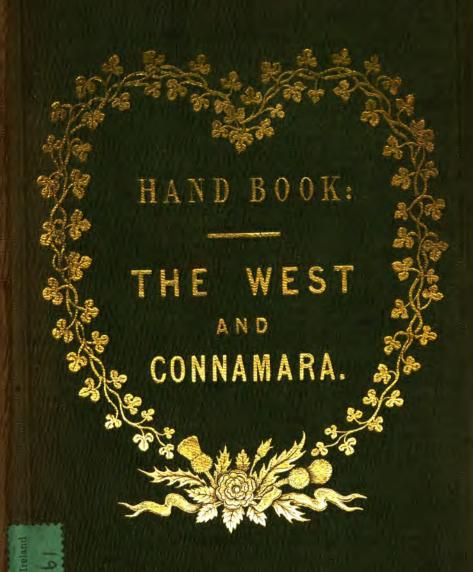
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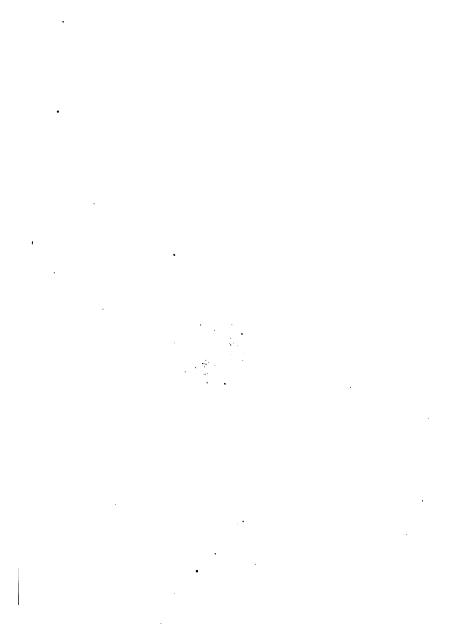
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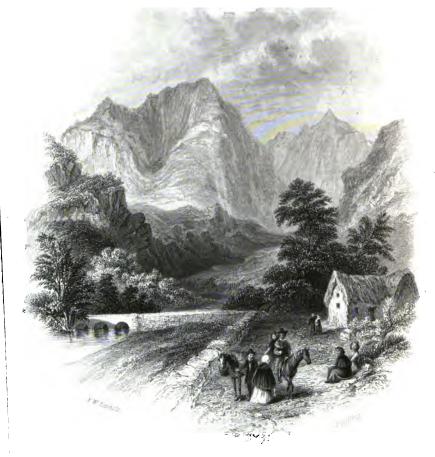
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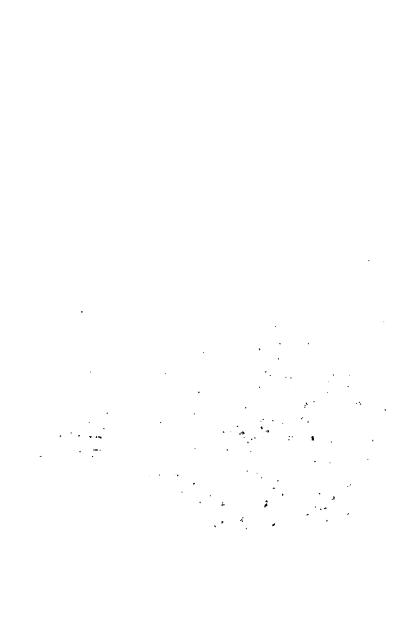
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CONNAMARA

BY JP AND MOUS COROLL



SULPANIAN VELUE, PATERNOSTER ROW. SLIN COMES AND ASSESSMENT SUBSTRUCT.



HAND-BOOKS FOR IRELAND.

THE WEST

AND

CONNAMARA.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.



LONDON: VIRTUE, HALL, & VIRTUE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

DUBLIN: JAMES McGLASHAN, 50, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

1853.



LONDON:

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENT.

HESE "Hand-Books for Ireland" have been compiled by their authors chiefly from their own work—"IRELAND: ITS SCENERY AND CHARACTEE"—written and published by them in the years 1841-2 and 3. But they are arranged with a view to communicate to the Tourist in that country such information as he more immediately needs, in his

progress—of routes, roads, hotels, charges, distances, conveyances, &c. &c.; with descriptions of the objects and places of attraction he will necessarily visit and inspect, and concerning which he will specially desire knowledge. With a view, therefore, to this essential duty, the authors

revisited in 1852 the several places they have the revised; and, in 1853, these Books have been revised generally.

The leading purpose of the authors at to notice with to IRELAND. Those who require relaxation from labour, or may be advised to seek health under the influence of a mild climate, or search for sources of novel and rational amusement, or draw from change of scene a stimulus to wholesome excitement, or covet acquaintance with the charms of Nature, or wish to study a people full of original character—cannot project an excursion to any part of Europe that will afford a more ample recompense.

To the English, therefore, a country in which they cannot fail to be deeply interested, holds out every temptation the traveller can need. A cordial and hearty welcome will be given, at all times and in all places, to the "STRANGER," who will there journey in security such as he can meet in no other portion of the globe. Ireland will, unquestionably, supply every means of enjoyment that may be obtained in any of the Continental kingdoms, and without calling for the sacrifices of money and comfort that will be exacted in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy.

The authors of these volumes will indeed rejoice if their statements be the means of inducing English travellers to direct their course westward, knowing well, that for every new visitor, Ireland will obtain a new FRIEND.

To other inducements, may be added those which now arise from facilities for travelling with ease and comfort. Dublin is barely twelve hours distant from London: a railroad conveys to Holyhead; and the Channel is crossed in large and commodious steam-ships in less than four hours. Through all the leading districts there are railways; the inns, throughout, are for the most part comfortable; and even where discomfort has to be endured, it will be deprived of annoyance by the knowledge that efforts have been, or will be, exerted to remove it.

And something may be said of the comparatively small cost at which the TOUR may be made. "Tourist Tickets" are now annually issued at a cost of between four and six pounds. These Tourist Tickets are always considered—at the stations, the hotels, and, indeed, everywhere—as letters of introduction: they give assurance of "a stranger," who is proverbially, in Ireland, secure of kind and courteous treatment; moreover, the ticket is a contract to avoid delays on all routes—the first places upon occasions of difficulty of right belonging to the holders of these tickets. Independently, therefore, of the very great saving of expense, all Tourists in Ireland should obtain "Tourist Tiories."

The four Hand-Books consist of :-

No. 1. DUBLIN AND WICKLOW.

No. 2. THE NORTH AND GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

No. 3. THE SOUTH AND KILLARNEY.

No. 4. THE WEST AND CONNAMARA.

They may be obtained, either together or separate, of any bookseller in the Kingdom, price 5s. each, or 20s. the Four Volumes.

** The Authors will be much obliged by receiving any corrections to these volumes, or any suggestions for their improvement.

THE

TOUR TO THE WEST AND CONNAMARA.

ONNAMARA, although now very generally visited by Tourists from all parts of Great Britain, was for a long period utterly unknown to the English: indeed, the Irish themselves of all grades, until within comparatively recent years, knew nothing whatever of the wild district of Con-

naught: its roads were bridle paths; its land was uncultivated; its people were looked upon as uninstructed savages; its gentry were considered but a degree better; in short, it was looked upon as beyond the pale of the legislature—the Ultima Thule of civilization, which even its neighbours of enlightened Galway town were, at

all times, reluctant to enter. Happily, it is now far otherwise; roads have been opened in nearly all directions through the district; its mountains and glens have been made accessible, not alone for traffic, but to the teacher: and if its many natural advantages are still either waste or but halt productive, its vast capabilities have been made known; and the advent of its prosperity cannot be far distant. At all events, to the Tourist in search of the picturesque—to the lover of nature in its wilder and grander aspect—to those who seek acquaintance with a people and a land almost primitive, even now, Connamara helds out temptations second to none within the British Islands. Hence this singular district receives the visits of a large proportion of those who enter Ireland on a tour for health, instruction, or pleasure. But

although the Tourist may, if he pleases, now journey "at ease" from one corner of Connamara to the other, he may, if he so desire, still have the enjoyments to be derived from the toil which many love: there are "bridle paths" in abundance yet remaining, to explore which would be to gather a rich reward of pleasure: for the more grand and glorious prospects of the "far West" are to be obtained only from "mountain-tops" and rugged "passes," where the hardy pedestrian alone can find them.

A Railway—admirably managed in all respects—conducts the Tourist to Galway Town—"the City of the Tribes," renowned in history, and still retaining many singular and striking marks of a peculiar people: its fine bay is among the most promising of the Irish harbours; and the adjacent Lough Corrib, now united with the Bay, and about to become navigable, gives assurance of prosperity to the district, which must ere long render "the wild West" as productive and profitable as it has been hitherto idle and neglected.

The Route to Galway is sufficiently explained in this volume; it leads by Maynooth, Mullingar, and Athlone—through the dreary bog of Allen, and the rich pasture land of Meath—among historic sites and renowned battle-fields; and on the way, the traveller will find much to engage—and worthy to engage—his attention.

Arrived at Galway, located for a day and night, perhaps, at the very magnificent inn of the railway, which adjoins the station, and having strolled through the ancient and venerable Town, the Tourist will pursue his course to Connamara—either by the car of Bianconi (a large and convenient vehicle, which makes the tour daily, and carries some fourteen passengers), or, what is far preferable, by the common hired car of the country, "the Outside Jaunting Car."

First, however, let the Tourist give some thought to the accommodations he will require: for as yet they are not abundant in this wild district: and without forethought, he will be often compelled to put up with miserable lodging and cheerless fare. He must therefore arrange his plan: and order "beds" at the places where he intends to stay. We have, we believe, given him all the information he needs: but it will be well here to premise that—

leaving out of consideration Galway and Clifden—there are not comfortable "sleeping places" for a hundred travellers in all Connamara: we supply him with an outline map, showing the places where the hotels are situated. We have not taken note either of Cong or Roundstone, which may be said to be out of the district; where, however, also, there are hotels.



These hotels are comfortable: attention and courtesy may be always calculated upon: while the charges are singularly moderate. It will be seen that they occur at Oughterard (2), Maam, Glendalough (the Recess), Ballynahinch, Clifden (2), Kylemore, Leenane (2), and "in a way" at the "Halfwayhouse" between Oughterard and Clifden.

The next consideration for the traveller, is to prepare for a "Connamara shower:" for among these mountains rain is always to be expected, and ought to be guarded against: sometimes it comes down like an avalanche, and the Tourist is wet through, almost before he can arrange his Macintosh and put up his umbrella.

Guides he will seldom require in this district; unless he desire to ascend some mountain, or make excursions along some of the unfrequented by-ways: in such cases a companion will be readily obtained.

The traveller may at once be told that the miles here are Irish miles; eleven Irish miles being equal to fourteen English: the cars are generally good, and the drivers always civil and obliging, and sometimes communicative. The distances are as follow—to go "all round Connamara."

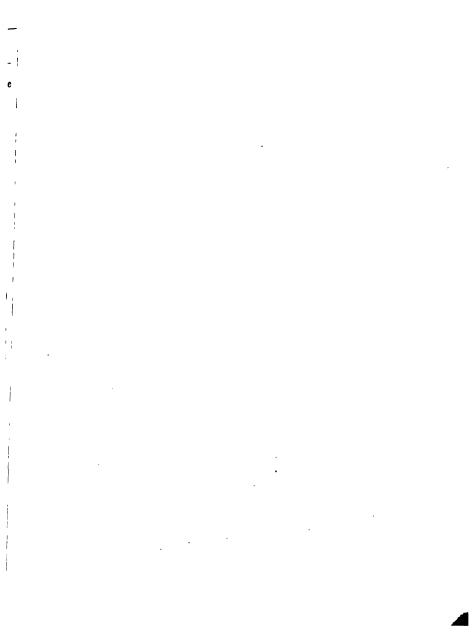
From Galway to Oughters To Butler's Lodge (turning Thence to Maam, a by-ros	g o	ff	to	М́а	am)	•	•	14 8		iles	•
From Butler's Lodge to C	lifd	len					•	•	18			
From Galway to Clifden From Clifden to Leenane												40 miles.
From Clifden to Leenane	•	•	•	•	٠	•	•	٠	•	•	•	18
From Leenane to Maam From Maam to Butler's L	odg	e	•	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	:	4
												70
From Butler's Lodge back to Galway											22	
												92

To take the round of Connamara is therefore nearly 100 miles, (Irish miles,) and fully that if a visit to Ballynahinch be taken into account.

The public car, however, does not go to Maam—which, as we have explained, is out of the road: it proceeds on to Westport: the Tourist, therefore, who does not design to proceed out of Connamara, will leave it at Leenane, (or at any of the intervening places,) and continue on by hired car—meeting, if he so pleases, the public car on the high road between Clifden and Oughterard.

But the Tourist should by all means travel through this district without the restraint which a public conveyance necessarily implies: he will so often require to stop, will so frequently desire to see both sides of the landscape, will so continually wish to alight, in order to examine something peculiar, that his pleasure will be perpetually abridged if subjected to the will of a driver.

We believe that in this volume we have supplied the Tourist with all he will require to know: and in promising him, at the outset, a delicious tour, full of interest, and abundant in recompense, we are quite sure we may excite his hopes without apprehending his disappointment.



London Virtue, Hall & Virtue

ALWAY is distant from Dublin 1261 English miles. The Dublin and Galway Railway, distinguished as the "MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN," has its Metropolitan terminus in Upper Dominick Street, north of the city. For several miles the road passes through a beautiful and interesting country. On the north are the historic villages of Finglas and Glasnevin, the Botanical Gardens of the Royal Dublin

Society, and the Cemetery in which lie the remains of Curran and O'Connell. On the south are the Phœnix Park—the "country" residence of the Vicerov. the gardens of the Zoological Society, and other objects of note in association with the city. The attention of the Tourist will be directed to the unfinished Wellington Testimonial—an obelisk of granite, measuring 202 feet. But until he reaches LEIXLIP,—leaving the county of Dublin, and entering that of Kildare,—we shall not call upon him to pause; inasmuch as the objects immediately adjoining Dublin properly appertain to the tour we purpose to make with him in the city, its neighbourhood, and the adjacent county of Wicklow. We shall, moreover, abstain from occupying space by describing places of little or no importance along the route to Galway: the Tourist may obtain, at the Station, for sixpence, a good and correct "Route-Sheet," which contains a map and a number of wood-engravings.

LEIXLIP—eleven and a-half miles from Dublin—has many attractions; not only because of the exceeding beauty of the surrounding scenery, and its remarkably fine waterfall, "the Salmon Leap," which crosses the Liffy, but for its association with the history and memory of Dean Swift.

The place of importance next reached is MAYNOOTH. The Castle of Maynooth was for a long period the chief seat of the Geraldines, the strong-hold from whence they hurled defiance at the enemies by whom they were, at all periods, more or less, threatened.

The Fitzgeralds, always powerful, and seldom without "foot in the stirrup and hand at the sword-hilt," were for centuries, with but brief intermissions, "rebels in arms," and stories of their indomitable courage, both in prosperity and adversity, are recorded by the historians, sufficient to fill volumes. A notion of the importance formerly attached to the name, is conveyed in the old couplet:—a question is asked, to which Death answers:

"Who killed Kildare? who dared Kildare to kill?"
"I killed Kildare: and dare kill whom I will!"

It was a daughter of this race who inspired the muse of Surrey. He made, it is said, in conformity with the chivalric spirit of the age, the tour of Europe, proclaiming the unparalleled charms of the Ladye Geraldine; issuing a defiance against any knight who should presume to question her supremacy; and proving his prowess and knightly skill, by overcoming aspersers of her beauty, at Florence and at Windsor:

"Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest; Her sire an Erle."

The history of the ancient castle of Maynooth is one of much interest; abounding in incidents akin to romance. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, during the rebellion of "Silken Thomas," one of the bravest and most heroic of the Geraldines, it was taken by treachery. In the absence of its lord, the governorship was entrusted to "Christopher Parese," his foster-brother. This "white-livered traitor resolved to purchase his own security with his lord's ruin;" and therefore sent a letter to the lord-deputy, signifying that he would betray the castle, on conditions; "and here the devil betrayed the betrayer, for in making terms for his purse's profit, he forgot to include his person's safety." The lord-deputy readily accepted his offer, and, accordingly, the garrison having gained some success in a sally, and being encouraged by the governor in a deep joyous carouse, the ward of the tower was neglected—the

traitorous signal given, and the English scaled the walls. They obtained possession of the strong-hold, and put the garrison to the sword—"all except two singing men, who prostrating themselves before the deputy, warbled a sweet sonnet called dulcis amica, and their melody saved their lives." Parese, expecting some great reward, with impudent familiarity presented himself before the deputy, who addressed him as follows: "Master Parese, thou hast certainly saved our lord the king much charge, and many of his subjects' lives, but that I may better know to advise his highness how to reward thee, I would ascertain what the Lord Thomas Fitzgerald hath done for thee?" Parese, highly elevated at this discourse, recounted even to the most minute circumstance all the favours that the Geraldine, even from his youth up, had conferred on him. To which the deputy replied, "And how, Parese, couldst thou find it in thy heart to betray the castle of so kind a lord? Here, Mr. Treasurer, pay down the money that he has covenanted for-and here also, executioner, without delay as soon as the money is counted out, chop off his head!" "Oh," quoth Parese, "had I known this, your lordship should not have had the castle so easily." Whereupon one Mr. Boice, a secret friend of the Fitzgerald, a bystander, cried out "Auntraugh," i. e. "too late," which occasioned a proverbial saying, long afterwards used in Ireland—"Too late, quoth Boice." The castle is said by Archdall to have been erected by John, the sixth Earl of Kildare, early in the fifteenth century; but in that case it must have been preceded by some other defensive structure: for it is certain that the Kildare branch of the Geraldines resided at Maynooth at a much earlier period. The first Earl of Kildare, John Fitz Thomas, was created by patent, dated 14th May, 1316.*

Maynooth consists of one long and broad street; the dwellings, of a class between houses and cabins, at either side, having an air of exceeding dis-

^{*} Another castle, Castle Carbery, which borders the northern part of the bog of Allen, is memorable in Irish history, and will always possess the deepest interest from its association with the name of the Duke of Wellington. Sir Henry Cowley, or Colley, an ancestor of his Grace, had possession of this castle in the reign of Elizabeth. He was knighted by the Lord-Deputy Sidney, who thus recommended him to his successor the Lord Grey: "Sir Henry Cowley, a knight of my own making, who, whilst he was young, and the ability and strength of his body served, was valiant, fortunate, and a good servant." One of his descendants married Garrett Wesley, of Dangan, in the county of Meath; and in 1746, Richard Colley, Esq., "who had taken the surname of Wesley as heir to his first cousin," was created a peer by the title of Baron Mornington, of Mornington, in the county of Meath. The Westleys, Wesleys, or Wellesleys, were originally from the county of Sussex. The ancestor who first settled in Ireland was standard-bearer to Henry the Second, whom he accompanied in his expedition to that country in 1172; and from whom he received large grants in the counties of Kildare and Meath.

comfort. At one end of the town is the entrance to Carton, the seat of "Ireland's only Duke;" at the other, are the ruins of the ancient castle, and the "Royal College of St. Patrick." The College is a peculiarly ungainly and ungraceful structure; it appears to have been originally a mansion of moderate size, to which additions have been made from time to time, and where elegance and uniformity have been sacrificed to convenience.*

Leaving Maynooth, and skirting the Northern Borders of Kildare County and the Southern Borders of the Counties of Meath† and Westmeath, the tourist reaches MULLINGAR, the principal town of the latter county.

Little of interest, however, will occur to him, until he approaches ATHLONE; he will then do well to leave the train (at the Moate Station) and make a pilgrimage to the renowned village of Auburn—

"Sweet Auburn-loveliest village of the plain."

It is, however, distant only six miles from Athlone; and his better way, perhaps, will be to make his pilgrimage from that town.

The birth-place of Oliver Goldsmith is in the county of Longford: he was born at Pallas, on the 10th of November, 1728.‡ The village of Pallas, Pallice, or Pallasmore, about two miles from the small town of Ballymahon, is now a collection of mere cabins; the house in which the poet was ushered into life has been long since levelled with the ground; we could discover no traces of it,

- * A brief history of this much discussed and debated establishment—the College of Maynooth, for the education of Roman Catholic priests—will be found in that volume of the Hand-Book which contains Dublin.
- † Details of an Excursion to Trim (the principal town of Meath county) will be found in the Hand-Book to "the North."
- ‡ The honour has been disputed by no fewer than four places, in as many counties—Drumsna, in Leitrim; Lissoy, in Westmeath; Ardnagan, in Roscommon; and Pallas, in Longford. The question, however, may be considered as settled by Mr. Prior ('Life of Goldsmith'), who examined the Family Bible, now in the possession of one of the descendants, in which was the following entry of the birth of Oliver, the third son and sixth child of the Rev. Charles and Ann Goldsmith:—
 - "Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, Nov. ye 10th, 17-."

The marginal portion of the leaf having been unluckily torn away, the last two figures of the century are lost; "the age of the poet is, however, sufficiently ascertained by the recollection of his sister, and by his calling himself, when writing from London, in 1759, thirty-one."

In the epitaph, written by Dr. Johnson, and placed on Goldsmith's monument in Westminster Abbey, are these words:—

"Natus in Hibernia, Forniæ Lonfordiensis, in loco cui nomen Pallas." nor could we perceive in the neighbourhood any objects to which the poet might have been supposed to have made reference in after life. The village of Lissoy, generally considered the place of his birth, but certainly the

"Seat of his youth, when every sport could please,"

is in the county of Westmeath, a short distance from the borders of Longford, on the high-road from Edgeworthstown to Athlone, from which it is distant

about six miles. The Rev. Charles Goldsmith appears to have removed to this place soon after the birth of Oliver, about the year 1730, when he was appointed to the rectory of Kilkenny-West: here the childish and bovish days of the poet were passed, and here his brother-the Rev. Henry Goldsmithcontinued to reside after his father's death, and was residing when the poet dedicated to him his poem of 'The Traveller.'

The village of Lissoy, now and for nearly a century known as Auburn, and so "marked on the maps," stands on the summit of a hill. We left our car to ascend it, previously, however, visit-



MILL AT LISSOY.

ing, at its base, "the busy mill," the wheel of which is still turned by the water of a small rivulet, converted now and then by rains into a sufficient stream. It is a mere country cottage, used in grinding the corn of the neighbouring

peasantry, and retains many tokens of age. Parts of the machinery are no doubt above a century old, and probably are the very same that left their impress on the poet's memory. As we advanced, other and more convincing testimony was afforded by the localities. A tall and slender steeple, distant a mile perhaps, even to-day indicates

"The decent church that tops the neighbouring hill,"

and is seen from every part of the adjacent scenery. To the right, in a miniature dell, the pond exists; and while we stood upon its bank, as if to confirm the testimony of tradition, we heard the very sounds which the poet describes—

"The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool."

On the summit of the ascent, close beside the village ale-house, where "nutbrown draughts inspired," a heap of cemented stones points out the site of "the spreading tree"—

"The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade, For talking age and whispering lovers made."



SITE OF THE HAWTHORN.

The hawthorn was flourishing within existing memories; strengthened and sustained by this rude structure around it—a plan of preserving trees very common throughout the district; but unhappily, about forty or fifty years ago, it was "knocked down by a cart," strange to say, laden with

apple-trees, which some carter was conveying into Ballymahon; one of them struck against the aged and venerable thorn, and levelled it with the earth. There it remained until, bit by bit, it was removed by the curious as relies:

* Mr. Prior quotes an anecdote "told by a traveller (Davis) some years ago, in the United States." Mr. Best, an Irish clergyman, informed this "traveller," that he was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed, "Ma foy, Best, this huge bush is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut down." "What, sir," said Best, "cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the 'Deserted Village!'" "Ma foy," exclaimed the bishop, "is that the hawthorn bush? Then ever let it be sacred from the edge of the axe; and evil be to him that would cut from it a branch!"

the root, however, is still preserved by a gentleman of Athlone. On the opposite side of the road, and immediately adjoining the "decent public," is a young and vigorous sycamore, upon which now hangs the sign of "The Pigeons;" the little inn is still so called, and gives its name, indeed, to the village; for, upon conversing with two or three of the peasantry, old as well as young, we found they did not recognise their home either as Lissoy or Auburn; but on asking them plainly how they called it, we were answered, "The Pigeons, to be sure."* Nevertheless it was pleasant to be reminded even by a modern successor to "the spreading tree," that we stood

"Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high, Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye."

"The public" differs little from the generality of wayside inns in Ireland. The "kitchen," if so we must term the apartment first entered, contained the usual furniture: a deal table, a few chairs, a "settle," and the potato-pot beside the hob, adjacent to which were a couple of bosses, or rush seats. There was a parlour adjoining, and a floor above; but we may quote and apply, literally, a passage from the 'Deserted Village:'—

"Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door—"

objects that we suspect never existed at any period, except in the imagination of the poet; being as foreign to the locality as "the nightingale," to which he alludes in a subsequent passage—a bird unknown in Ireland.† The old

- * The name of the public-house—called "The Pigeons" in the time of Goldsmith, as well as at present—does not occur in the poem of the 'Deserted Village;' but it is the name given to the inn in which Tony Lumpkin plays his pranks—"The Three Pigeons"—and where he misleads the hero of the comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' into mistaking the mansion of Squire Hardcastle for a tavern. There is little doubt that such an incident did actually happen to the poet himself; and that many other of his early adventures were subsequently introduced into his fictitious narratives.
 - † There is, however, some authority for the existence at "The Pigeons" of
 - "The pictures placed for ornament and use, The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose."

Mr. Brewer states, that "a lady from the neighbourhood of Portglenone, in the county of Antrim, visited Lissoy in the summer of 1817, and was fortunate enough to find in a cottage adjoining the ale-house, the identical print of the 'twelve good rules' which ornamented the rural tavern, along with 'the royal game of goose.'" We were told that the "old original" sign-board lay, not many years ago, in an out-house, and was removed thence to the mansion—Auburn House—of

inn, however, was removed long ago; and the present building, although sufficiently "decent," gave ample evidence that it was not "a house of call;" there was no whiskey, either in its cellars or its bottles, and the "nutbrown draughts" that were to solace "greybeard mirth" and "smiling toil," and to stimulate "village statesmen," must have been composed of tea—the only beverage which the inn afforded.

The remains of the Parsonage House stand about a hundred yards from "The Pigeons." About fifty years ago, we were told, the road was lined at



THE RUINED PARSONAGE

either side by lofty elm trees, which formed a shaded walk completely arched—they used to "lap across," as we were informed by one of the peasants. They have all perished, except a few juvenile successors, planted between the entrance-gate and the dwelling. It is a complete ruin. The roof fell about thirty-five years ago, if our informant. a neighbouring peasant, stated correctly; it was always thatched, according to his account, and up to that period "a gentleman had lived in it." It must have been a "modest mansion" of no great size. " The

Mr. Hogan, who is said to be in possession of the chair and reading-desk of Goldsmith's brother, the clergyman. Mr. Prior observes, that "this gentleman has used all his influence to preserve, from the ravages of time and passing depredators, such objects and localities as seem to mark allusions to the poem." We confess, however, that we could find nothing "preserved," except the things which even Time itself could not destroy.

front," according to Mr. Prior, "extends, as nearly as could be judged by pacing it, sixty-eight feet by a depth of twenty-four; it consisted of two stories, of five windows in each." The length was increased by the addition of "the school-room"—at least tradition so describes a chamber, the walls of which are remarkably thick, which adjoins the south gable; it is now used as a ball-alley. Several stone "cupboards," as it were, are still to be seen in the walls, where, we learn from the same authority—tradition—the boys used to keep their books. At the back of the building, the remains of an orchard are still clearly discernible; there are no "garden flowers" "growing wild" about it; but there exist "a few torn shrubs," that even now "disclose" the place where

"The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

Goldsmith left the neighbourhood of Lissoy for a school at Athlone, and subsequently for another at Edgeworthstown, from which he removed to the University; and on the 11th of June, 1744, when sixteen years of age, he was entered of Trinity College, Dublin.

Whether he ever afterwards returned to Lissoy is very questionable. His brother, with whom he frequently corresponded, continued there as "the country elergyman"—

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;"

who spent his days "remote from strife," and of whom the world knew nothing. It is probable, however, that Oliver visited the parsonage once or twice during his collegiate course; that in after-life he longed to do so, we have undoubted evidence:—

"In all my wanderings round this world of care, In all my griefs—and God has given my share— I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown, Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down."

The circumstances under which he pictured "Sweet Auburn" as a "deserted" village, remain in almost total obscurity. If his picture was in any degree drawn from facts, they were, in all likelihood, as slender as the materials which furnished his description of the place, surrounded by all the charms which poetry can derive from invention. Some scanty records, indeed,

exist to show, that about the year 1738 there was a partial "clearing" of an adjoining district—

" Amidst thy boughs the tyrant hand is seen;"

and this circumstance might have been marked by some touching episodes which left a strong impress upon the poet's mind; but the poem bears ample evidence, that, although some of the scenes depicted there had been stamped upon his memory, and had been subsequently called into requisition, it is so essentially English in all its leading characteristics—scarcely one of the persons introduced, the incidents recorded, or the objects described, being in any degree Irish—the STORY must be either assigned to some other locality, or traced entirely to the creative faculty of the poet.

The attention of the Tourist in this district, and certainly while at Athlone, must be directed to the river Shannon, the most noble and beautiful river of Ireland.

The Shannon is, indeed, "the king of island rivers,"—the "principallest of all in Ireland," writes the quaint old naturalist, Dr. Gerrard Boate. It takes its rise among the mountains of Leitrim—strange to say, the precise spot has not been ascertained—and running for a few miles as an inconsiderable stream, diffuses itself into a spacious lake, called Lough Allyn.* Issuing thence, it pursues its course for several miles, and forms another small lake, Lough Eike; again spreads itself out into Lough Ree,—a lake fifteen miles in length and four in breadth; and thence proceeds as a broad and rapid river, passing by Athlone; then narrowing again until it reaches Shannon Harbour; then widening again into Lough Derg, eighteen miles long and four broad;

• The following, however, is one account of the source of this magnificent river:—"It rises in the county of Cavan, barony of Tallyhaw, parish of Templeport, townland of Derrylaghan, at the head of a wild district called Glangavelin, and in the valley between Culkagh and Lurganacallagh mountains, close to the base of the former. The source or spring is of a circular form, about fifty feet in diameter, called the Shannon Pot, or more generally Leigmonshena. It boils up in the centre, and a continued stream flows from it, about eight feet wide and two deep in the driest season, and runs about four miles per hour. In rainy weather the flow of water is so much increased, that its banks and all the low ground in its immediate vicinity are overflown. There are numerous caverns and clefts on the top and sides of Culkagh mountain, which receive the rain water; and from the circumstance of no streams descending this side of the mountain, I conclude that the drainage of this vast mountain, combined with its subterranean springs, here find an outlet, and give birth to this river. After winding its way through the valley, and collecting its tributary branches, it falls into Lough Allyn, about nine miles south of its source, having in this short course swelled to a considerable river, from fifty to sixty yards wide, varying in depth from five to ten feet."

then progressing until it arrives at Killaloe, where it ceases to be navigable until it waters Limerick city; from whence it flows in a broad and majestic volume to the ocean for about sixty miles: running a distance of upwards of 200 miles from its source to its mouth—between Loop Head and Kerry Head (the space between them being about eight miles), watering ten counties in its progress, and affording facilities for commerce and internal intercourse such as are unparalleled in any other portion of the United Kingdom. Yet, unhappily, up to the present time, its natural advantages have been altogether neglected; its munificent wealth having been suffered to lie as utterly waste as if its blessings were offered only to an unpeopled desert.

The obstacles that have hitherto rendered the broadest, the longest, and the most beautiful of British rivers comparatively valueless, are now, however, in process of removal; and there can be no doubt that, if successful, the country will be amply repaid the enormous sums expended—by "effectually advancing the commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and population of Ireland, and the consequent strength of the empire at large."

"The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea," thus answers the description of Spenser; for a long space its course is so gentle that ancient writers supposed its name to have been derived from "Seen-awn," the slow river; while for many miles, between O'Brien's Bridge and Limerick, it rolls so rapidly as almost to be characterised as a series of cataracts. At the falls of Killaloe, it descends twenty-one feet in a mile; and above 100 feet from Killaloe to Limerick; yet there is scarcely a single mill at work all that way.

* "Taking a view of this majestic river, its lakes and lateral branches, which receive the drainage of a considerable portion of Ireland, they also appear as if formed and designed by Nature as the great arteries of the kingdom for facilitating its agricultural and commercial purposes, by marking out a splendid line of intercourse for an expeditious and cheap mode of conveyance (through a populous country) superior to any in the empire, and only requiring a little assistance from Art to render it beneficially useful to an unlimited extent; but her grand designs have hitherto been in a great measure frustrated, and may not improperly be compared to a 'sealed book.' This is caused by a few natural, but the greater part are artificial, obstructions, which dam up the water, and inundate the country to a formidable extent; this renders the navigation very imperfect by the great accumulation and expanse of its waters in winter, few beacons to mark out the course, and the detention by adverse winds, unless aided by steam power. In summer-time the water is too shallow at several parts for a laden vessel, or even with a moderate draft of water, to get over them, so that, taking it altogether, it almost amounts to a prohibition of any trade being carried on with certainty, (at present being very limited,) which is to be regretted, as it tends greatly to retard any general or permanent improvement taking place throughout this great extent of fine country, fertile and abundant in its agricultural and mineral productions."-Report, River Shannon Navigation (Mr. Rhodes), 1832.

ATHLONE is one of the famous old cities of Ireland. It was the great gateway into Connaught for several centuries, and many a bloody battle had been fought under its walls, long before the war of the Revolution. Its castle was, indeed, famous very soon after the inflow of the Anglo-Saxon invaders; for when the third Henry granted the dominion of Ireland to his son, he expressly reserved for himself this stronghold; and subsequently, when Connaught was assigned to Richard de Burgo, the monarch retained for his own especial use



ATHLONE CASTLE.

"five cantreds of land contiguous to the fortress." It stands on the direct road from Dublin to Galway, and protects the passage of the Shannon, at the only place where it can be forded in a distance of twenty or thirty miles.

The town is divided into two parts. The oldest is west of the river; the houses run up a hill; they are miserable and dirty; indeed, the more courtly end of the town is but a degree better. The siege it endured in 1690-1, has rendered it renowned in history. Lieut -General Douglas was sent against it immediately after the battle of the Boyne. It was then held for King James, by Colonel Richard Grace, "an experienced officer"—writes Story, an eye-

witness of the business,—"upon whose skill and fidelity every reliance was to be placed." His reputation had been established during the wars of the Commonwealth, and he appears to have been the last person of note who resisted, or was capable of resisting, the republican power in Ireland; in 1652, a price of £300 had been set upon his head. He was an old man when appointed Governor of Athlone, and his enemies, flushed with victory, anticipated an easy and bloodless triumph. They were mistaken; when the veteran soldier was summoned to surrender, on the 17th of July, 1690according to Burton, Rapin, and Leland—he returned a passionate defiance. "These are my terms," said he, discharging a pistol in the air; "these only will I give or receive: and when my provisions are consumed, I will defend my trust till I have eaten my boots." The many ineffectual attempts and heavy losses of Douglas, at length obliged him to raise the siege; and for a time the aged lion remained quietly in his lair. Athlone, however, was of too much importance to be left long in repose; towards midsummer following. Ginkle "sat down before it," with a sufficient force and a heavy train of artillery. Breaches were soon made; and on the 30th of June an assault was commenced—the signal to ford the river being given by the tolling of the church bell. St. Ruth, the French general, who commanded the French and Irish forces, lay with his troops in the neighbourhood; but with that arrogant blindness for which personal courage could make no sufficient atonement, he permitted the English enemy to advance, until his co-operation was of no avail; merely contenting himself-when he heard that Ginkle had actually passed the river and was in the town-with ordering his army to "advance and beat them back again;" while, at the very moment of extremest peril, he was entertaining a gay party in his tent; or, according to some accounts, in a farmhouse, the ruins of which are still standing.

The "forders" made their way "through fire and smoke," reached the other side, laid planks over the broken bridge, then rushed to the assistance of the boats; and in "less than half an hour Ginkle was master of the town." It was a gallant achievement. Harris rightly says, "It would be difficult from history to parallel so brave an enterprise—in which 3,000 men attacked a fortified town, across a rapid river, in the face of a numerous army, who by their intrenchments were masters of the fords." Ginkle earned his title of Earl of Athlone.

The loss of the besiegers amounted to no more than twelve men; of the besieged, however, there fell, "as was reported," about 500; notwithstanding that, according to Harris, "it was observable that when the English found themselves masters of the town, they were very backward, though in the heat of action, to kill those who lay at their mercy." Indeed, it was never the policy of William or his generals to imitate the brutal system of extermination adopted by Cromwell. Among the slain was the good and gallant governor, Sir Richard Grace.

The vanity or imbecility of St. Ruth had given a victory to his enemies, whom he had affected to despise. The English forces had no sooner entered the river, and manifested a resolve to pass it at any risk, than an express was sent off to his camp—where he was literally "fiddling," while Athlone was burning. He coolly replied, "It was impossible for them to take the town, and he so near with an army to succour it;" adding, "he would give a thousand pistoles that they durst attempt it." Sarsfield, who knew his opponents better, and estimated them more justly, reproved the arrogant Frenchman; warm expressions passed between them, which "bred a jealousy that proved not long after of fatal consequence to their cause."

It was this jesting on the one side, and serious indignation on the other, which lost the subsequent battle, and made way "for all the consequent successes by which the reduction of Ireland was entirely completed." St. Ruth, with his broken army, retreated to Aughrim, a small village about twenty miles from Athlone, and three from Ballinasloe. It is in the county of Galway. Early in July, the combined French and Irish forces were posted very advantageously, having had ample time to choose their ground, at Aughrim; St. Ruth being determined to make a stand there, and either regain his character or lose his life. The battle was fought on the 12th of July, 1691. The Irish forces outnumbered those of the English—those of Ginkle amounting to 18,000, and those of St. Ruth to about 25,000; but the former had greatly strengthened his appliances, was abundantly supplied with all the munitions of war, and his soldiers were animated by recent victory; while the latter was depressed by failure, distrusted by his generals, despised or hated by his Irish troops, and stood in need of absolute necessaries.

The battle commenced early on the 12th, but was little more than a series of skirmishes until five o'clock in the afternoon. The English historians, here

as elsewhere, bear generous testimony to the gallantry of the Irish, who "behaved with undaunted courage, defending their posts with unparalleled obstinacy;" they had veteran foes to contend against, however, and foes equally brave and resolute. The great brunt of the encounter took place upon the hill of Killcomoden, pictured in the appended print, and which is now



topped by a modern church. Here St. Ruth was slain by a cannon-ball; although, as he fell, one of his officers threw a cloak over the body to conceal his death from the army, the intelligence rapidly spread; he had suffered his generals, from pique or jealousy, to remain ignorant of his plans; all became disordered—the Irish fled in confusion, and the English remained masters of the most eventful field that was fought during the war.*

* The following touching anecdote is told by the Rev. Cæsar Otway: "The Irish left one-third of their army on the field. The dead lay, day after day, exposed—there were none to bury them -the country people had all fled-and the carrion-birds came and banqueted, and wild dogs, in packs, frequented the field, and became so fierce, feeding on man's flesh, that no one might pass by that way: and amidst this scene of pestilence and horror there was one dog, a wolf-hound belonging to an Irish colonel that fell, and lay upon the hill-side: on this body the attached creature remained day and night, with the rest of the prowling animals, dogs, foxes, wolvesThe old bridge of Athlone was celebrated for many centuries, as the passage into Connaught. Remains of antiquity are very numerous in the neighbourhood of Athlone: some of them are of remarkable interest and beauty. The most ancient of the castles and abbeys were founded by the O'Conors dhunne, ancestors of the O'Conor Don. The legends, traditions, songs, and histories of Ireland are rich in records of this royal family: and the walls of their ancient fortalice at Ballintobber bear tokens of many a hard contest for their independence, and of many still harder for the chieftaincy of the sept.



RUINS OF CLONMACNOIS.

A few miles south of Athlone are the famous ruins of CLONMACNOIS, the school where, according to Dr. O'Connor, "the nobility of Connaught had their children educated, and which was therefore called Cluan-mac-nois, 'the secluded recess of the sons of nobles.'" It was also, in ancient times, a renowned

he fed upon the corpses that lay around, but he would not allow anything, either bird of the air, or beast of the field, to touch his master; and when the bodies were all reduced to skeletons, when he was obliged to go far away, and prowl by night through the neighbouring villages, yet he came back presently to the place where his master's bones lay festering in the slow process of corruption, there to keep watch and ward. A soldier quartered in Aughrim, six months afterwards, passing by chance that way, saw the dog seated by the skeleton, and drawing near out of curiosity, the animal, fearing he came to disturb his master, flew at him, and the man, surprised at the suddenness of the assault, levelled his musket and shot him dead."

cemetery of the Irish kings; and for many centuries it has continued a favourite

burial-place, the popular belief enduring to this day, that all persons interred here pass immediately from earth to heaven. The abbey is said to have been founded by St. Kieran about the middle of the sixth century. and soon became "amazingly enriched," so that, writes Mr. Archdall, "its landed property was so great, and the number of cells and monasteries subieeted to it so numerous, that almost half of Ireland was said to be within the bounds of Clonmacnois." * The ruins etain marks of exceeding splendour. In the immediate vicinity there are two "Round Towers." One of the many richly carved stone crosses scattered in all



DOORWAY AT CLONMACHOIS.

directions among the ruins, we have given on the opposite page; the artist also copied one of the peculiarly elegant doorways, which we have also engraved.

At the other extremity of the county of Roscommon, but in the county of Galway, is Ballinasloe, the great cattle fair of Ireland. The station of importance next reached is that of Athenry,—a town of celebrity long before Galway. Early records of the now provincial capital, distinguish it as situate near Athenry. The ruins of a castle and an abbey may be seen from the Railway.

* "In the early ages of Christianity," remarks Sir Richard Hoare, "these religious establishments were highly beneficial. Hither the learned resorted; here the ancient manuscripts were collected; here religion and learning found a safe and peaceful asylum. The monks imparted their knowledge and doctrines to numerous students, who disseminated them widely over the world: neither have their public services been confined to the cloister, for they were extended to the cultivation of the wildest deserts and most barren wilderness, and thus, by the sancity of their morals, and by their enlightened understanding within doors, and their industrious labours without, they at once instructed, civilized, and benefited mankind."

ERY large and "grand" is the Hotel at Galway, in connexion with the Railway. At present it is new and newly furnished. The attendance and arrangements are admirable, and the charges are very moderate; but its enormous size takes from it an air of comfort, and it is sadly out of keeping with a provincial town. It was built, we understand, upon so large a scale, in anticipation of Galway becoming the Packet station for the American line. This good chance may yet arrive; but the structure is, to say the least, premature. The Tourist, however, will as a matter of course, be located here; inasmuch as it is immeasurably more comfortable than the old hotels of the town; yet it is only just to say of "Kilroy's Hotel," that it always maintained a high character,

and was "well spoken of" of every traveller to the west.

But if the season be that of the long days, and there be no intention to visit the Bay and its islands, a longer stay than an hour will not be necessary in Galway. The town, as we shall show,* is both peculiar and interesting; but it may be sufficiently examined in a short time, by those who are only en route to Connamara.

Our first duty is to walk with the Tourist through the town,—"the chiefe town of the province of Connaught, famous for its handsome contrivement and fortifications, its ancient great traffic and dealings with foreigners, and the worthy parts and qualities of its citizens." Having noticed its more prominent points, we shall set out towards those magnificently grand mountains, whichalthough distant some thirty or forty miles, "as the crow flies"-woo us to a closer and more intimate acquaintance.

[&]quot; "Galway, a maritime county of a town, in Connaught province, situate on the north side of Galway Bay, and bounded on every other side by Galway county, 130 miles W. from Dublin; comprising an area of 24,132 acres, of which 628 are in the town, and 23,504 in the rural district: population in 1831, 33,120, of which 922 were members of the Established Church, 81 Protestant Dissenters, and 32,117 Roman Catholics; population in 1841, 32,511, of which 17,275 were in the town, and 15,236 in the rural district, inhabiting 4,755 houses; population in 1851, 24,697. The town, built on both sides of the river that discharges the superfluous waters of Lough Corrib three miles distant, and is crossed by three bridges, consists of the old and new towns and the suburb of Claddagh, inhabited wholly by fishermen. The bay of Galway is an immense sheet of water protected from the swell of the Atlantic by the natural break-water of the Arran Isles, and possessing great advantages for foreign trade, particularly to America. On the highest point of Arranmore Island, 498 feet above the level of the sea, is the Port Lighthouse, a revolving light, every three minutes, that can be seen twenty-eight miles off in clear weather." - Thom's Almanac.

The Tourist, on approaching Galway, from any side,—except that upon which the Railway takes from us all power to note or think,—will at once obtain evidence that he is in a peculiar district. If there were no other proof, he will obtain one in the frequent occurrence of the "original Connaught pig"—which now exists in no other part of Ireland—modern improvement having

completely eradicated his "seed, breed, and generation." He is a long, tall, and, usually, spare animal; with a singularly sharp physiognomy, and remarkably keen eyes. His race is still preferred by the peasantry; for he will "feed upon anything"—even the thin herbage of the common; and the "rearing" costs neither trouble nor expense. For the purpose of sale, however, he is useless; and as



it is the pig that "pays the rent," and is seldom or never brought up for "home consumption," the Connaught pig is nearly extinct, even in Connaught, and probably, in a few years, will be found only in pictures.

Ugly and unserviceable as are the Connaught pigs, they are the most intelligent of their species. An acquaintance of ours taught one to "point," and the animal found game as correctly as a pointer. He "gave tongue," too, after his own fashion, by grunting in a sonorous tone; and understood when he was to take the field as well as any dog. The Connaught pigs used to prefer their food (potatoes) raw to boiled, and would live well and comfortably where other pigs would starve. They perforate hedges, scramble over walls, and run up mountains like goats, performing their feats with a flourish of their tails and a grunt of exultation that are highly amusing to those whose observations have been previously confined to the "swinish multitude" of clean, white, deliberate, unwieldy hogs that are to be seen in English farmyards. A Connaught pig-driver is as lean, as ungainly, as clever, and almost as obstinate as his "bastes." and finds little favour in the southern or northern states of his own land. He is, notwithstanding, a patient, enduring, goodnatured fellow-less bland than the southern, and less "canny" than the northern; but "sly," and "'cute," and "droll," as need be, in his own way. In England he is frequently supposed to be the type of "all Ireland;" and certainly a raw-boned, swarthy, dark-eyed "boy" from the "County

Mayo," as he brings up the rear of a troop of dusty pigs—his long coat hanging upon, rather than fitting him—his open shirt-collar exposing a corduroy sort of throat—his "cawbeen" bound with a string, and illustrated by a "doodeen"* and turnpike tickets—shouting to his swinish multitude, brandishing his wooden-handled whip, and jabbering Irish to his assistant,—is anything but an attractive, though a very picturesque, representative of the "sons of the sod." The prejudice against Connaught is indeed somewhat general in all the other parts of Ireland; there seems to have been a pretty extensive willingness to construe literally the brutal epithet of the soldiers of Cromwell—"to H— or Connaught!"—when forcing emigration from the pleasant plains of Limerick and Longford, into the rude and barren districts of the "Far West." †

The Tourist soon perceives other evidence that he is in a peculiar district; the dark features and coal-black hair of the people indicate their Spanish descent; and they are, for the most, so finely formed, so naturally graceful, that almost every peasant girl might serve as the model for a sculptor, calling to mind rather the graces of ancient Greece than a peasantry lacking nearly all the necessaries that render life tolerable. In especial he will be struck by the red-brown woollen cloaks and petticoats dyed with madder. Passing along the narrow streets, he is startled by even greater singularities; houses with remains of "jalousies," and arched gateways, elaborately carved, mingled with modern buildings, indicating the comparatively unchanged "aspect" of the inhabitants and their dwellings; such, for example, as the ancient gateway, (pictured on the opposite page,) through which is seen the aged, venerable, and most interesting church, full of very singular and picturesque remains of antiquity.

From the earliest periods Galway was a famous trading port with Spain; and its merchants supplied nearly all Ireland with wine. The records of the town state, that in the year 1615, "upwards of 1,200 tuns of Spanish wine

^{*} The "dudeen" is a short pipe: a pipe however that had at one time been a long one; the Irish peasantry never smoke from a long pipe, but invariably break it off short at the moment of purchase.

^{† &}quot;That is a countryman of yours," we said to a bricklayer, who was repairing a wall. "Is it that," he answered in a ripe, round, mellifluous Munster brogue; "is it that tatther demallion—is it that!—HE!—Faix, he's not an Irishman at all; he's nothing but a Connaught man!" We remember a man once expressing his astonishment that so much bother should have been made about a "boy" who had been killed in a row at a fair, concluding his harangue by an exclamation, "And he was nothing but a Connaught man, after all!"

were landed here for account of the merchants of Galway." * Although this exclusive trade has of late years greatly diminished, it is still carried on to

some extent; and we were informed that a gentleman named Lynch, a large importer, is the lineal descendant of the merchants Lynch, who for above 400 years have conducted this branch of commerce. Indeed, antiquaries consider the ancient name of the town -Clanfirgail, the land or habitation of the gail, or merchants - sufficiently indicative of its very early trade. In 1614. Sir Oliver St. John writes thus of Galway-"The merchants are rich, and adventurers at great sea;" previously, Sir Henry Sidney had described them as "refined, of urbane and elegant manners, and as having contracted no stain from their rude and unpolished



STREET IN GALWAY.

neighbours;" and about the same period, old Heylin calls it "a noted empire,

* The right name of the river that runs through the town (according to the historian O'Flaherty) is Galliv, from the oblique whereof, Gailive, is formed Gallway and Galvia, whereby the town is now denoted. The name is accounted for in an Irish distich thus translated,—

Gailleamh daughter of prosperous Breasul Bathed in the full cool stream Where the bright brand was drowned: From her the (river) Gailleamh is named. and lately of so great fame with foreign merchants, that an outlandish merchant, meeting with an Irishman, demanded in what part of Galway Ireland In an old MS. largely quoted by Mr. Hardiman, the historian of Galway, its "credit and fame" is attributed to certain "new colonies and septs"-made famous to the world for their trading faithfully. These new colonies consisted of several families who became settlers, "not together, but at different times;" and whose descendants are known to this day under the general appeilation of the "Tribes of Galway"-" an expression first invented by Cromwell's forces, as a term of reproach against its natives, for their singular friendship and attachment to each other during the time of their unparalleled troubles and persecutions; but which they afterwards adopted as an honourable mark of distinction between themselves and their cruel oppressors." Those families were thirteen in number, viz.: Athy, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, D'Arcy, Ffont, Ffrench, Joyes, Kirwan, Lynch, Martin, Morris, and Skerrett. From these names it will be obvious that they were of Anglo-Norman descent; and although they in time became "more Irish than the Irish," they were for a long period at continual war with the ancient families of the district. Several curious rules and bye-laws of the old corporation, prohibiting all intercourse with the natives, are yet preserved. In 1518, they ordered that none of the inhabitants should admit any of the Burkes, M'Williams, Kellys, or any other sept into their houses *---" that neither O ne Mac shoulde strutte ne swagger through the streetes of Gallway;" and the following singular inscription was formerly to be seen over the west gate-

> " From the ferocious O'Flahertys, Good Lord, deliver us."

We can scarcely imagine a greater treat to the student of heraldry than a stroll among the streets and lanes of Galway; perhaps in no city of the British empire will he meet with so great and public a display of "coat-armour." Nearly all the old mansions, of which there are very many, have over their gates shields in abundance, displaying the arms of the occupant and those of his more immediate connexions, in conjunction with their ancient "marks" as merchants—those significant hieroglyphics of commerce and wealth. Not

^{*} The Anglo-Norman settlers of the 12th and 13th centuries, in Connaught more especially, soon became "more Irish than the Irish:" thus many of the Burkes took the names of Mac Tibbitts and Mac Meylers; the Berminghams took the names of Mac Feorais; the Stauntons became the Mac Evilleys, the Fitzsimonses, the Mac Rudderys, &c.

unfrequently the names of the parties are also engraved above the shields, and their surrounding scrolls of ornamentally elaborate character, together with the date of the year when sculptured. The ancient inhabitants of Galway, who thus "exalted their gates," have affixed to each house an indelible air of aristo-



STREET IN GALWAY.

cratic dignity, which still clings to them, although, in most instances, they are little more than ruined walls, or if inhabited, are the sheltering places of the poorest of the population, who bear with the half-roofed, comfortless home they afford, from stern necessity alone.

But these records of old time—these melancholy vestiges of fallen greatness—are decaying rapidly; only a few small portions of the "walls" remain; even the Moorish eyes and complexions are not as common as they used to be; and

probably, in a few years, Galway will have lost its distinctive character. The "remains" are, as we have stated, very varied in style; they belong, indeed, to no order of architecture, but seem to have been designed according to the whim or fancy of the builder. The observation applies not only to the private residences, but to the public structures. The history of Galway is full of interest—from the year 1178, when the Anglo-Normans first set hostile foot in Connaught, to the war of the Revolution, when the town surrendered, upon honourable terms, to the victorious Ginkle, who had previously routed the Irish



GATEWAY IN GALWAY.

forces at Aughrim. During all the terrible contests of centuries. Galway had its ample share of glory and grief; participating largely in the persecutions of the periods, several maintaining a high character for courage and probity throughout. Of its old strength as a fortified town, there are, as we have intimated, few remains; but of its former wealth and splendour, as compared with other towns of Ireland, there are many - they exhibit, generally, tokens of the commercial habits the people rather than of their military character. Nearly every lane and alley contains

some token of their grandeur; and over the doorways of a very large number of the dilapidated houses are, as we have said, still standing the armorial bear-

ings of the early occupiers. So remarkable, indeed, are those "bits" of Spain transferred to the wild West of Ireland, that Mr. Inglis, who had visited the former country a short time previous to his tour in the latter, thus refers to the resemblances he observed between them: "I had heard that I should find in Galway some traces of its Spanish origin, but was not prepared to find so much to remind me of that land of romance. At every second step I saw something to recal it to my recollection. I found the wide entries and broad stairs of Cadiz and Malaga; the arched gateways, with the outer and inner railing, and the court within—needing only the fountain and flower vases to emulate Seville. I found the sculptured gateways, and grotesque architecture, which carried the imagination to the Moorish cities of Granada and Valencia. I even found the little sliding wicket for observation in one or two doors, reminding one of the secrecy, mystery, and caution observed, where gallantry and superstition divide life between them."

The house still known as "Lynch's Castle," although the most perfect example now remaining, was at one period by no means a solitary instance of the decorated habitations of the Galway merchants. The name of Lynch, as either provost, portreve, sovereign, or mayor of Galway, occurs no fewer than ninety-four times between the years 1274 and 1654; after that vear it does not appear The house here once. pictured was the residence of the family for many generations. It



LYNCH'S CASTLE.

had, however, several branches, whose habitations are frequently pointed out by their armorial bearings, or their crest, a lynx, over the gateway. One of its members is famous in history as the Irish Junius Brutus. The mere fact is sufficiently wonderful without the aid of invention; but it has, as may be supposed, supplied materials to a host of romancers. The story is briefly this:—

James Lynch Fitzstephen was mayor or warden of Galway in 1493; he traded largely with Spain, and sent his son on a voyage thither to purchase and bring back a cargo of wine. Young Lynch, however, spent the money entrusted to him, and obtained credit from the Spaniard, whose nephew accompanied the youth back to Ireland to be paid the debt and establish further intercourse. The ship proceeded on her homeward voyage, and as she drew near the Irish shore, young Lynch conceived the idea of concealing his crime by committing another. Having seduced or frightened the crew into becoming participators, the youth was seized and thrown overboard. The father and friends of Lynch received the voyager with joy; and the murderer in a short time became himself a prosperous merchant. Security had lulled every sense of danger, and he proposed for a very beautiful girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, in marriage. The proposal was accepted; but previous to the appointed day, one of the seamen became suddenly ill, and in a fit of remorse summoned old Lynch to the dying-bed, and communicated to him a full relation of the villany of his only and beloved son. Young Lynch was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to execution—the father being his judge. The wretched prisoner, however, had many friends among the people, and his relatives resolved with them that he should not die a shameful death. They determined upon his rescue. We copy the last act of the tragedy from "Hardiman's History of Galway." "Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honour

GALWAY. 27

of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit would have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place, and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled with the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope—which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son-to an iron staple, which projected from the wall, and after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity. The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace; but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard Street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of 'Dead Man's Lane:' and over the front doorway are to be seen a skull and cross-bones executed in black marble, with the motto, 'Remember Deathe-vaniti of vaniti, and all is but vaniti."

The house in which the tragedy is said to have occurred was taken down only so recently as 1849; but the tablet which contains the "skull and cross bones" bears the date 1624—upwards of a century after the alleged date of the occurrence.*

If, however, in the town are to be found the records of a peculiar people, in one of the suburbs a people equally peculiar still exist, retaining to-day the customs and habits they have kept unchanged for centuries. The inhabitants

^{*} The story of the mayor of Galway is probably a pure fiction: the historian of Galway (O'Flaherty) does not mention it at all: "which he undoubtedly would have done," remarks Mr. Hardiman in his admirable and valuable notes to the history, "had he considered it to be true." It has, however, appeared in all modern books; it has been the subject of an acted play, and of numerous dramatic poems; it was, therefore, impossible for us to have omitted it, fabulous though it may be,

of the "Claddagh" are a colony of fishermen, and they number, with their families, between four and five thousand. Their market-place adjoins one of the old gates of the town, and is close to the remains of a fortified tower. Here they sell their fish, but it is apart from their own dominion—" their own dominion" it may be called literally, for they are governed by their own king and their own laws; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to make them obedient to any other.



GALWAY FISH MARKET

The Claddagh is a populous district lying to the right of the harbour, consisting of streets, squares, and lanes; all inhabited by fishermen. They claim the right to exercise complete and exclusive control over the bay, and,

indeed, over all the bays of the county. They are peaceable and industrious, and their cottages are cleaner and better furnished than those of most of the Galway dwellings; but if any of the "rights" they have enjoyed for centuries are infringed, they become so violent that nothing can withstand them.

An instance of this occurred during our visit to Galway in 1845. The Claddagh-men are, like all fishermen, superstitious; but to such a pitch do

they carry their superstition, that if Galway bay were full of fish-if herring, cod, haddock, and bream were dancing in the sunbeams, they would not draw a net or set a hook if the day and hour were not "lucky." nor will they permit any other person to do so at any time. A gentleman of the neighbourhood determining to break through this absurd custom, which left the town frequently without fish for days together, ventured to man his own boat; and well manned and well armed, he set forth on his vovage: the Claddagh-men who were quietly employed on shore mending their nets and keel-hauling their boats, no sooner perceived this fishing pirate, as they considered her, crossing the bay, than instantly the tocsin sounded; men, women, and



GATEWAY IN GALWAY.

children crowded the beach; boats were put off with such weapons of offence as they could get together, and a chase commenced likely to terminate in the destruction of the enterprising man who dared to dispute the "ould ancient laws of the Claddagh." Many hard words were exchanged, and still more daring deeds attempted; they intended to sink the boat, and, but that the gentleman stood firmly on the prow, well armed, expressing his determination to shoot the first man who dared to lay his hand upon it, they would have

succeeded. His cool bravery saved him during a precipitate retreat; yet it was matter of astonishment that he escaped with life.

This singular community are still governed by a "king," elected annually, and a number of bye-laws of their own; at one time this king was absolute—as powerful as a veritable despot; but his power has yielded, like all despotic powers, to the times, and now he is, as one of his subjects informed us, "nothing more than the Lord Mayor of Dublin, or any other city." He has still, however, much influence, and sacrifices himself, literally without fee or reward, for "the good of the people:" he is constantly occupied hearing and deciding causes and quarrels, for his people never, by any chance, appeal to a higher tribunal.* In the Claddagh, too, there are many remarkable remains of those singular antiquities which prevail in the town. As an example we engrave one of the peculiarities of this quarter. The wedding ring is a



heir-loom in a family. It is regularly transferred by the mother to her daughter first married; and so on to their descendants. These rings are large, of solid gold, and not unfrequently cost from two to three pounds each.† The one we have here copied had evidently seen much service. Some of them are plainer; but the greater number are thus formed. The people

are, in general, comfortably clad; and their houses are, for the most part, neatly furnished. We entered several of them, and among others, that of the ruler of the district. His majesty, however, was at sea; but we were introduced to his royal family—a group of children and grand-children, who for ruddy health might have been coveted by any veritable monarch of Christendom. His cottage the reader may examine. Taken altogether, this primitive suburb

^{*} Their king is indeed completely one of themselves; his rank and station being only indicated, according to Mr. Hardiman, by a white sail and colours flying from the mast-head of his boat, when at sea—where he acts as "admiral."

[†] They are very similar in character to the "Gimmal Ring," with which our ancestors of the reign of Elizabeth and earlier "made an end of wooing." These ancient rings (like the Galway ones) were formed into the shape of two hands, a heart being placed in each palm. It was, however, constructed of twin or double hoops, as its name imports, which was derived from the Latin gemellus, or French jumeau; the course of the twist in each hoop being made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing them together, they united in one ring, forming an emblem of married life, and the hands conjoined in the centre. The Galway rings are single throughout, but a strong analogy is perceptible, the rudeness of their construction precluding the neatness and ingenuity displayed in their elder—if it be an elder—prototype.

included, there is no town in Ireland interesting as Galway; and none that affords stronger temptations to the enterprising capitalist: or, indeed, to those who, with limited means, desire to obtain not only the necessaries but the luxuries and enjoyments of life at small cost.* During our latest visit - in 1852 - we found the interesting suburb, however, much deteriorated; the "famine" had sadly impaired the picturesque; many of the cabins, neat and orderly a few years before, had become dilapidated, and we encountered "swarms of beggars" the moment it was discovered we were in a mood to "give."



CABIN IN THE CLADDAGH.

* "It is impossible not to foresee that the great changes now visible on the world's surface will act favourably for the West of Ireland. The spacious and safe harbours of this coast—their immediate proximity to the Atlantic—the large tracts of improvable land—and the facilities now offered for renting or purchasing at prices scarcely higher than those of Australia or Canada, must have the effect of inducing many to pause ere they seek in the Antipodes what they can find so much better close to their own shores. At each step I take in this land, so highly favoured by nature, my ideas of its desirableness and capabilities increase, and I look with wonder at the general state of neglect and poverty in which some of the finest and most beautiful districts in these kingdoms are suffered to remain."—The Saxon in Ireland.

Sir Humphry Davy says, "Its natural advantages are preeminent: it contains an untouched fund of wealth; admirably situated for commercial intercourse with the whole world; intersected

Amongst its other attractions, the beautiful BAY must not be forgotten, nor the magnificent lake that pours its rich tribute to the ocean through the "The bay," writes Mr. Hardiman, "is esteemed one of the noblest entrances in the world; it extends nearly thirty miles eastward of the isles of Arran, and contains innumerable roads and harbours. The haven is safe and spacious, and is capable of affording protection to the largest fleets." The Arran islands are three in number: one of them, Llanmore, is of considerable extent. They were described to us as amazingly full of interesting objectswonderfully abundant in natural scenery, and containing a vast number of rude monuments of remote antiquity. The inhabitants number above 3.000. The whole of the coast round the beautiful bay, although less magnificently rugged than that more to the north, abounds in picturesque objects; and the peasantry here, as well as in the less familiar districts, are rich in original character; their vicinity to the wild Atlantic, and their living remote from frequent intercourse with more civilized parts, having preserved much of their primitive simplicity. "Moreover, the islands command some of the noblest sea-prospects of the world. The vast Atlantic, stretching illimitably towards the south and west; the extensive coasts of Kerry, Clare, Galway, Mayo, &c., with their numerous islands, headlands and lofty mountains, 'far off in sight,' must be seen in order to form any idea of the sublimity and beauty of the view."

"From the isles of Arran, and the west continent, often appears visible that enchanted island called O'Brasil, and in Irish, Beg-ara, or the lesser Arran, set down in cards of navigation. Whether it be real and firm land, kept hidden by special ordinance of God, as the terrestrial paradise, or else some illusion of airy clouds appearing on the surface of the sea, or the craft of evil spirits, is more than our judgments can sound out." Such is the account the historian O'Flaherty gives of the "Isles of the Blest:" concerning which legends are very numerous; they have been noticed by nearly all the writers who treat of the fairy mythology of Ireland. We shall give further details of them when we have advanced into the district.

In Galway, the attention of the Tourist will be naturally directed to the by navigable rivers and lakes; supplied abundantly with fuel; possessing limestone prepared for the fire in every district; abounding in mineral treasures; coal and iron below, an inexhaustible source of manure upon the surface, it needs only an enterprising spirit, directed by science, calling forth and awakening the industry of the people, to render it, in proportion to its extent, the most productive, the richest part of the empire."

marble manufactured there, and which so plentifully abounds throughout the county. The subject of Irish marbles is, indeed, one of vast importance; we shall not, therefore, apologise for treating it at some length. It may be made, under judicious management, a source of immense wealth to the island and employment to its people.*

The limestones of Ireland, which are capable of being applied, as marbles, to ornamental purposes, may be divided into three species. First, the limestone which is imbedded in the primary rocks of many mountain tracts. It is of a highly crystalline structure, and never contains petrified shells or other fossil remains; its common colours are blue and white—more rarely rose and dove. The blue varieties are found extensively over Tyrone, Western Derry, and the whole of Donegal; they are burnt for lime, but are unfit for ornamental purposes. The other varieties are frequent in Donegal, and of these the white is perhaps the most common. In some places, as at Dunlooky, near Arrigle Mountain, at Muckish Mountain, and in other parts, the component crystalline flakes of this variety become very small, its texture compact, and it passes into a fine statuary marble, very closely resembling that of Paros, or Carrara. So little of it, however, has yet been raised, that there can be no doubt the best quality of stone has not been reached.

In the district of Connamara, and in the adjoining tracts, white and rose-coloured marbles occur in the same geological positions as those just mentioned. The great intermixture of serpentine and tale in all the rocks of this wild region, distinguish them remarkably from those of the rest of Ireland. The primary limestones, subordinate to these rocks, partake of the same character. Precious serpentine, of various shades of green and yellow, often mottled and striped, is intermixed with the white and rose-coloured limestones; and a very beautiful marble is thus produced, precisely the same in structure and appearance as the verde antico of Italy, and undoubtedly the richest and finest ornamental stone yet found in these kingdoms. The most beautiful varieties occur at Ballynahinch and Clifden, in Connamara, where extensive quarries are, unhappily, but partially worked. It is much to be regretted that this beautiful marble is so little known. There are decided indications of its existence in other parts of the same district.

^{*} For the information here condensed we are mainly indebted to the kindness of James Bryce, Esq., M.A., F.G.S.

The next species of limestone is that which is distinguished by the name carboniferous, from its lying immediately under coal, and being the basis or support of that rock. It has been termed mountain limestone in England, and the name Irish-bog limestone has been suggested as the most applicable in Ireland. It occupies nearly two-thirds of the surface of the country. forming the substratum of all the rich plains and bleak boggy tracts of the midland counties, from Donegal and Monaghan to Cork and Kerry, and stretching out often to the sea-shore by the deeply indented bays of the western and south-western coasts. It is well distinguished from the former species by containing a great variety of petrified shells and corallines. It is hard, and generally more or less crystalline: is of great vertical thickness, and can be distinctly separated into four subdivisions, which in an ascending order, are as follows:-1. Limestone interstratified with yellow sandstone. 2. Lower limestone. 3. Impure black limestone or calp, with sandstone and shale. 4. Upper limestone. This last is of trifling extent; the three others are largely developed in various parts of the country. It is the second or lower limestone which yields almost all the marbles belonging to this formation. Mr. Griffiths (Second Rep. of Rail. Com., App. No. I.) observes that "nearly all the marble quarries occur near the outer edge of the limestone boundary, where it rests, either on the yellow sandstone, or some older rock. When they are met with in the interior, detached hills of yellow sandstone rise up from beneath the limestone strata, in their immediate neighbourhood; thus showing that the marble beds do belong to the lower portion of the series." The following account, by the same author, of the principal localities. is from the same Report. "The undermost beds of this lower limestone are often silicious and impure, with a dark grey or bluish-grey colour. In many localities, as the beds accumulate they become black, and the structure so crystalline that the rock takes a high polish, and is used for marble. Thus black marbles occur, and are quarried very extensively near the western boundary of the limestone district of the county of Galway, between Oughterard and Lough Corrib; also near the town of Galway, and hence to Oran-The same kind of marble is found at Westport, in Mayo; and near Carlow and Kilkenny. Mottled black-and-white marble occurs at Mitchelstown; also, filled with organic remains, in the neighbourhood of Cork, and many other places. Where carbon, the colouring matter, is wanting, we have

crystalline marble of various tints; as brownish-red at Armagh; white and red striped at Killarney, Kenmare, Cork harbour, and Castletown, nine miles north of Nenagh in Tipperary; red and yellowish-white at Clononey, in the King's County; and brownish-red, mottled with grey of various shades, at Ballymahon, in Longford. Grey and dove marbles occur at many places, particularly at the base of the Curlew Mountain, near Lough Arrow, in Sligo; near the Seven Churches, south of Athlone; and at Carrickacrump, near Cloyne, in the county of Cork."

Hence we see that the secondary strata, as well as the primary, yield an abundant supply of beautiful marbles, which only require enterprise and a small outlay of capital, to render them a source of great wealth to the country.

A third species of limestone is found exclusively in the counties of Antrim and Derry. Its colour is white, occasionally varied with different shades of yellow, blue, and red. It is identical in geological position, mineral structure, and in its fossils, with the English chalk, though possessing a very superior degree of hardness. Handsome small ornaments are sometimes made of varieties having pleasing colours; and slabs of it have been stained in imitation of foreign marbles: but in its common state it is by no means adapted for ornamental purposes, as its structure is not crystalline, and it is traversed by frequent cracks, so that large blocks can seldom be obtained. When, however, the strata of this limestone are intersected by whin-dikes, or invaded by erupted masses of basalt, its structure and appearance are completely changed. The effect of the intense heat to which it has been thus subject, under pressure, has been to induce a new arrangement of its particles, and to develop a highly crystalline structure throughout large masses. In this state it bears a striking resemblance to Carrara marble; and the tendency to split in all directions being destroyed, large slabs can be easily procured. There are two or three places in the county of Antrim where it occurs in so great quantity that quarries could be opened upon it. It has rarely, if ever, been employed for any purpose of ornament; but some idea of its durability may be formed, from the fact that Dr. M'Donnell found in Rathlin a chiselled mass of it in perfect preservation, though it had been built into the walls of three successive churches—thus standing the exposure of more than 300 years. Connected with this subject, it is a highly interesting fact, that the Carrara marble, so long regarded as a primary limestone embedded among the older rocks, has been lately shown to be a secondary limestone, contained amid fossiliferous rocks, and metamorphosed into its present state of a crystalline marble by the long contact of igneous matter erupted among the strata from the interior of the earth.



AVING taken a leisurely stroll through the ancient and very singular town of Galway—"the City of the Tribes"—the Tourist will set out for Oughterard,* the first stage en route to Connamara, and distant from Galway 14 Irish miles.

He will have to choose between "Bianconi's cars and coaches," (which run twice a-day through Oughterard to Clifden, and once a-day by the Killeries, to Weston outside jaunting car of the country; although here

port,) and the common outside jaunting car of the country; although here and there he may chance upon a covered car or carriage, of which he will gladly avail himself if the weather be inauspicious—which, unhappily, in this region of lakes and mountains it very often is. And, truly, a regular Connamara shower is "no joke:" it comes suddenly and heavily, so heavily that there is no resisting it. Waterproof great-coats and monster-umbrellas are of little or no avail; an unfortunate traveller may be wet through before he can count a hundred. But although regular "Connamara showers" are irresistible, rains such as those that are to be encountered elsewhere may be guarded against, and, above all things, we recommend the Tourist, while he hopes for the best, to prepare for the worst, weather; for of a surety his "week" will not pass without his being called upon now and then to render grateful homage to the name of Macintosh.

He is starting then on an outside jaunting car, prepared for what may

^{*} The miles all through Galway are Irish miles: in the north, west, and south, they are almost invariably English. Eleven Irish miles are equal to fourteen English. Posting in Galway is therefore somewhat dearer than in other parts of the country: the charge is 6d, for one person: but it is 8d. for two persons, and 10d. for three or four persons; generally in other parts of Ireland, 6d. a mile is the charge for posting with one horse; and 1s. for two horses: in the former case the "post-boy" will expect 2d. a-mile; and in the latter 3d. Turnpike-gates are rarities very seldom met with.

chance; at all events, we may promise him, that from the moment of his starting to that of his return.—

" Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

Passing two fine edifices, the town and county Court Houses, the Jail, and the Queen's College—the latter a building of recent erection, exhibiting admirable skill and taste, and associating itself with the best hopes for Ireland,—then crossing a handsome modern bridge, over a channel which unites Lough Corrib with the sea,—and then pausing at the bridge which crosses the canal that is to make the Lough "navigable,"—he is on the high road to "THE WEST."

He soon obtains a view of Lough Corrib, or rather of that southern end of it, from which issues the river Corrib,* issuing through "the Friar's Cut," † an artificial channel, formed "long ago" by the monks; so at least we are to assume from the name which tradition has preserved. Having noticed an ancient castle of "the Clanricardes," we may pause for a moment at Dangan House,—once the home of the Martins, where, it was said, was their "Avenue Gate," and where at one period their property actually commenced, being something like fifty English miles from Ballinahinch, "the other end of it."

A holy well—"St. Oran's"—will claim notice by the way-side, a little further on: it is partly shadowed by an aged thorn, but the stones are broken around it, the branches of the tree have been torn ruthlessly, and the aspect of the once honoured relic is now to the last degree forlorn.

Some remarks on the HOLY WELLS of IRELAND will not be considered out of place here; for the Tourist will have been but a short time in the country without having had his attention directed to this fertile subject.

Happily, customs that are equally opposed to reason and religion are rapidly

- * Lough Orbsen, Oirb, or, as it was corruptly called, Lough Corrib, was, according to O'Flaherty (historian of Jar Connaught) so called from Orbsen Mac Allod, one of the early merchant-settlers in the west. "They also called him Mac Lir, the Son of the Sea:" he was subsequently slain in battle by "Nuad Silver Hand," king of Ireland. The lake is popularly said to have as many islands as there are days in the year.
- "Lough Corrib occupies 30,000 Irish acres, and contains about 1,000 acres of arable land and its isles: much of its shore is bog and barren limestone rock: its surface is only thirteen feet nine inches above high water: and the medium rise in floods is about three feet."
- † This canal will connect Lough Corrib with the sea: when completed the lake will be navigable for steam-boats: it is probable that then many tourists will adopt this route for visiting Connamara: proceeding through the lake to Oughterard and Cong.



WELL OF ST. DOLOUGH.

removing before the advancing spirit of improvement-and its gigantic ally, Education; and as the Roman Catholic Clergy are, at length, convinced that it is their own true interest to discourage or suppress them, they will, no doubt, be noted, ere long, only among histories of gone-by evils and absurdities. Nearly every district of the island contains some object of peculiar sanctity, to which ignorance attributes the power of curing diseases, and, frequently, of remitting sins. Visits to these places were formerly, and to some extent are still, enjoined as works of penance for crime; in other cases they were voluntarily undertaken by "penitents;" but

the more usual motive was that of obtaining health for the body: and tedious and wearisome journeys have often been made for the purpose of drinking water from some specified fountain, by persons who were apparently hardly able to crawl a few yards from their own thresholds. These holy places are, for the most part, Wells; and many of them have kept their reputations for centuries, the fame of some being undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of others probably preceded it—the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. These wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the Kingdom; they are generally betokened by the erection of rude crosses immediately above them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colours, hung upon the neighbouring bushes and left as memorials; and not unfrequently small buildings, for prayer and shelter, have been raised above and around them. As examples, we copy the far-famed and wonder-working well of St. Dolough; and also those of St. Ronogue,

St. Declan, and St. Canice. Each holy well has its stated day, when a pilgrimage is supposed to be peculiarly fortunate; the patron-day, i.e. the day of its patron saint, attracts crowds of visitors, some with the hope of receiving health from its waters, others as a place of meeting with distant friends; but the great majority of them are



ST. RONOGUE'S WELL.

lured into the neighbourhood by a love of idleness and dissipation. The scene therefore is, or rather was, disgusting to a degree; but the evil has of late



ST. DECLAN'S WELL.

greatly diminished; and, since the spread of temperance, there being neither drinking nor fighting in the vicinity, the attendants are almost entirely limited to the holiday-keepers and the credulous.

The drinking of the waters of Holy Wells was, however, but a very mild mode of doing penance for sin, and by no means a severe process, by which the diseased devotee was to be made whole. Other customs of a far more reprehensible nature prevailed. The pilgrimage to "Lough Derg" might have vied with the abominations of Juggernaut; the most ignorant and savage of the tribes of Africa have few ceremonies more utterly revolting than that to which, a few years ago, the Irish peasantry were, here, systematically encouraged.



WELL OF ST. CANICE.

Happily, however, as we have said, these evil customs are rapidly giving way before education, and the advancing spirit of the age; and although the Tourist in Connamara will often meet a Holy Well in his progress, it is not likely he will encounter at any, more than two or three "pilgrims;" and it is almost certain he will witness none of the scenes that formerly rendered them revolting.

Somewhere hereabouts, the Tourist, if he looks and ponders for a few minutes, will be appalled by the aspect of a desolated village; he will meet many such before he has done with the district, and the story of each and all of them is

much alike; it may be told in half a dozen words—properties mortgaged, mortgage foreclosed, tenants ejected! The mode of ejecting was by unroofing the houses—a mode nearly as effective as smoking out.* Now, in the south and in the east, this system of depopulating is common enough; but there the cabins being of mud, they are levelled with the earth about them, and all trace of their existence is soon lost. In Galway, however, clay is scarce; stones and turf are plenty, and the hovels generally are constructed of these. To take away the turf roof is easy, but to remove the stones, not so. They remain consequently, and the roofless huts look like so many bleaching skeletons upon the barren moor, or the bleak hill-side, telling dismal stories of miseries inconceivable; and giving to the author of them, be he who he may,—an English chief-justice or a rich Insurance company,—a fame to be envied by none who dread the curses of the starving and the houseless.†

* "I came as usual to a small village of unroofed cabins, from the stark walls of which, to my astonishment, I saw here and there proceeding a little smoke: and on approaching it, I beheld a picture I shall not readily forget. The tenants had been all evicted: and yet, dreadful to say, they were there still; the children nestling, and the poor women huddled together under a temporary lean-to of straw, which they had managed to stick into the interstices of the walls of their ancient homes."—The Saxon in Ireland.

† Our readers will require no apology for introducing a touching and eloquent passage, by Dr. W. R. Wilde, from his interesting and valuable volume on "Irish Popular Superstitions:"-"The great convulsion which society of all grades here has lately experienced, the failure of the potato crop, pestilence, famine, and a most unparalleled extent of emigration, together with bankrupt landlords, pauperizing poor-laws, grinding officials, and decimating workhouses, have broken up the very foundations of social intercourse, have swept away the established theories of political economists, and uprooted many of our long-cherished opinions. In some places, all the domestic usages of life have been outraged; the tenderest bonds of kindred have been severed, some of the noblest and holiest feelings of human nature have been blotted from the heart, and many of the finest, yet firmest links which united the various classes in the community have been rudely burst asunder. Even the ceremonial of religion has been neglected, and the very rites of sepulture, the most sacred and enduring of all the tributes of affection or respect, have been neglected or forgotten: the dead body has rotted where it fell, or formed a scanty meal for the famished dogs of the vicinity, or has been thrown, without prayer or mourning, into the adjoining ditch. The hum of the spinning-wheel has long ceased to form an accompaniment to the colleen's song; and that song itself, so sweet and fresh in cabin, field, or byre, has scarcely left an echo in our glens, or among the hamlets of our land. The Shannaghie and the Callegh in the chimney corner, tell no more the tales and legends of other days. Unwaked, unkeened, the dead are buried, where Christian burial has at all been observed; and the ear no longer catches the mournful cadence of the wild Irish cry, wailing on the blast, rising up to us from the valleys, or floating along the winding river, when

" 'The skies, the fountains, every region near,

Seem'd all one mutual cry.'
The fire on the peasant's hearth was quenched, and its comforts banished, even before his rooftree fell; while the remnant of the hardiest and most stalwart of the people crawl about, listless
spectres, unable or unwilling to rise out of their despair."

Passing the neat village of Moycullen, we obtain a view of the peninsula of Ross, jutting out into Lough Corrib; this peninsula is famous in the annals of sporting, wild fowl and woodcocks congregating there almost by millions during the winter months.

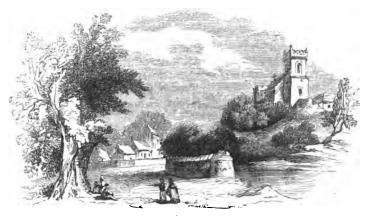
Approaching Oughterard, we obtain a distant view of the ancient castle of Aughnanure—one of the strongholds of the O'Flahertys, and, perhaps, one of the most romantic, in its history, legends, and traditions, of the castellated remains of Ireland.* It was the fortress of the sept and the principal scene of the chieftain's feudal grandeur. The castle, though greatly dilapidated by time, is "still in sufficient preservation to convey to those who may examine its ruins a vivid impression of the domestic habits and peculiar household economy of an old Irish chief of nearly the highest rank. His house, a strong and lofty tower, stands in an ample court-yard, surrounded by outworks perforated with shot-holes, and only accessible through its drawbridge gateway tower. The river, which conveyed his boats to the adjacent lake, and supplied his table with the luxuries of trout and salmon, washes the rock on which its walls are raised. and forms a little harbour within them. Cellars, bakehouses, and houses for the accommodation of his numerous followers, are also to be seen; and an appendage not usually found in connexion with such fortresses also appears. namely, a spacious banqueting-hall for the revels of peaceful times, the ample windows of which exhibit a style of architecture of no small elegance of design and execution." The persons by whom the chief was attended, and who occasionally required accommodation in his mansion," are thus enumerated in an ancient manuscript preserved in Trinity College Library: -O'Canavan, his physician; Mac Gillegannan, chief of the horse; O'Colgan, his standardbearer: Mac Kinnon and O'Mulavill, his brehons, or judges; the O'Duvans, nis attendants on ordinary visitings; Mac Gille Kelly, his ollave in genealogy and poetry; Mac Beolain, his keeper of the black bell of St. Patrick; O'Donnell, his master of revels; O'Kicherain and O'Conlachtna, the keepers of his bees: O'Murgaile, his chief steward, or collector of his revenues.

^{*} The history of the O'Flahertys of Air-Connaught is as singular as that of any family in Europe: it is, however, little more than a record of perpetual slaughters. By Queen Elizabeth the then chieftain, "Morrough of the Battle-axes," was taken into favour and received pardon for "all murders, homicides, killings, &c., by him at any time heretofore committed." About the same period, "the O'Flaherty of Gnobeg was murdered with his four children; while the aged father. Hugh Og, was detained without meat or drinke in his castle of Moycullen until he died by famyn."

Of the grove of yew-trees, whence Aughnanure derives its name, there is but one remaining. But what a story that one might tell!

At the junction of the old and new roads, within a mile or so of Oughterard, the Tourist will be called upon to examine a singular freak of nature. Here is a natural bridge, under which the river runs for, perhaps, a hundred yards; you perceive where it enters, and you may see its exit. A little further on are the interesting old church and churchyard of Killankin, with a holy well on the opposite side of the road.

Passing Lemonfield, the seat of George O'Flahertie, Esq., the esteemed and estimable representative of a hundred "ferocious" chieftains of the race, we



OUGHTERARD.

reach Oughterard,* one of the principal towns of the district. It is situated on

• There are two inns at Oughterard, and they make up about twenty beds between them. The Tourist will often find it convenient to stop here, and perhaps hence to cross the lake to visit Cong. This is frequently done: he will return by the way he went—always a disadvantage to be avoided when possible. The two Inns, "Murphy's " and "O'Flaherty's," are but "so, so;" the former has advantages over the latter. They are at the two ends of the town. Generally, however, it will not be necessary to stop at either. "The Recess Hotel" (of which more hereafter) is distant fifteen miles; and Maam Hotel only twelve. It will be better to reach either of these than to remain at Oughterard; always premising, however, that beds have been "ordered" beforehand; otherwise it will be safest and wisest to secure them wherever they can be had.

kind.*

the river Feogh; pearls of considerable size are frequently found here, and good trout may be taken in abundance from its waters. O'Flahertv states—and the statement is confirmed by Mr. Hardman-that the river is sometimes called Owin Riff, or the Sulphur River; and that "when the river runs shallow, sulphur is found on the stones in its channel."

Here we bid adieu for a time to Lough Corrib, and enter Connamara.

T Oughterard, as we have said, we are on the high road to Connamara; of which the town is, in a way, the turnpike gate, Clifden being another at the opposite end,—the distance which separates the two towns being 27 Irish miles. But over this road we cannot hasten, for it is full of interest;

here begin the wonders that will keep the mind and eye gratified and excited, during a tour that certainly cannot find its parallel in the United Kingdom; not alone in its amount of natural beauties, or in scenery that for wild grandeur surpasses the imagination; the country is almost entirely one vast collection of raw material, languishing for the aid of man to develop its wealth, and render it available for the services of human-

These "Irish Highlands" are peopled by a brave and hardy race, attached, as all mountaineers are, to their wild hills and glens; and retaining largely their original character, although civilization has now made its way where the invader could never enter. Their habits and customs are comparatively as unchanged by time as their mountains, lakes, and Old Ocean—the natural barriers by which their "Kingdom" is encompassed. Much of the primitive state of Connamara even now endures; although it is no longer regarded as the "Ultima Thule" of barbarism. The name signifies "the bays of the sea." Its western boundary is the Atlantic. Its rugged coast is indented with harbours. It

^{* &}quot;It was impossible to cast the eve over the vast inclined plains of bog-land, skirted by fine water levels, which seemed to invite draining, without feeling a conviction of the immense capabilities of this part of Ireland; and seeing, in prospective, these vast tracts bearing abundant produce-and the chains of locks carrying that produce-on the one side, to Loch Corrib and Galway bay; and, on the other, to Birterbuy bay, or one of the other bays which lie to the westward." Inglis.

seems as if cut off from intercourse with the world by its lakes and mountains, on the north, south, and east; and appears as if still left to the sole government of "untamed nature." *

"The Kingdom of Connamara,"-for so was this terra incognita styled before it contained other than bridle-roads, when it was considered an inhospitable desert; a refugium for malefactors, where "the king's writ could not run;" and where, it was presumed, no rational being would dare to venture—this still wild, but now civilized and frequented district is supposed to extend from Galway town to Killery harbour, bounded on the east by the great lakes, Mask and Corrib, and on the west by the Atlantic; the major part of it being a broad promontory stretching out into the ocean between the two great bays. Some forty or fifty years ago it was almost unknown; the British law was as inoperative there as in the centre of New Holland; there was scarcely a road over which a wheeled carriage could pass; nothing resembling an inn was to be found; the owners of its soil reigned almost as supreme as the petty despots of Suabia; and the people, although brave and hospitable, were as rude and neglected as the bare rocks among which they lived to force a meagre sustenance from the sterile soil. Of late years, however, this state of things has been altogether changed: nature has been subdued; nearly every portion of the district has been rendered accessible, and its vast treasures have been brought within reach, not alone of the legislator and the philanthropist, but of the antiquary, the sportsman, the artist, and the naturalist. † In fact, now-a-days, few parts of the

^{* &}quot;The district of Jar (West) Connaught is nearly surrounded by the sea on the south and west, and the great lakes Mask and Corrib on the east: the latter navigable into the town of Galway, and could easily be made so to the sea."

[&]quot;In the interior of Jar-Connaught there are about twenty-five navigable lakes, of a mile or more in length, besides hundreds smaller. The district, with its islands, possesses no less than 400 miles of sea-coast.... There are upwards of twenty safe and capacious harbours fit for vessels of any burthen..... Great part of Jar-Connaught rises from the shore of Galway bay in a gently sloping plain.... The sheltered vales, and abundant water-power, would form great advantages in the cultivation of timber."—Nimmo's Report.

[†] We again quote from the interesting volume of Dr. Wilde, a native of the district, with which no writer is more familiar:—"We lately made a tour of the West, after an absence of twelve years. What have we seen—what was the impression made upon us in passing through districts with which we have been long familiar? This—that until the late potato failure and consequent famine, there must have been immense agricultural improvement going forward even in Connaught: for, although we passed over miles of country without meeting the face of a human being, and seldom that of a four-footed beast; and though we came, in some places, hot upon the smoking ruins of a recently unroofed village, with the late miserable inmates huddled together and burrowing for shelter among the crushed rafters of their cabins; and although there were

Queen's dominions are better known; for its numerous advantages have attracted "mobs of tourists," and by many of them its peculiarities have been communicated to the world. And amply will it repay the visitor, whatever may be the object of his visit—whether health, amusement, or information.

Let us pause awhile before we enter Connamara; and take some note of the peasant women of this wild and primitive district. Soon after he approaches it, the Tourist will have learned that he is nearing the "far west," by the dark red woollen draperies, (dyed with madder,) which show so conspicuously, and with so picturesque an effect, upon the bright green slopes of the surrounding hills, or among the depths of the still greener valleys. This woollen is made in the cabins by the hands of the fair owners, and dyed by them; literally, according to the old song,

"They shear their own sheep, and they wear it."

Its weight produces a massive character of drapery; the form, although not left altogether "free as nature made it," is unrestrained by superabundant clothing; good nursing gives the women good shapes; there are seldom any "angles" about them; the custom of carrying burthens upon their heads makes them remarkably erect—to quote from another old song,

" As tall and straight as a poplar tree;"

and they are usually as lithsome and free of limb as the young antelope of the desert. Mr. Harvey has supplied us with a series of sketches of these mountain maidens; we have his assurance that each and all of them are "taken from the life;" and we, who have seen originals quite as graceful, can well believe him; although we shall find it difficult to persuade our readers that the pictures owe nothing to the painter's fancy. We shall sketch a few of them at random, as they occurred to him or to us. One we call to mind whom we encountered, descending a hill adjacent to Delphi. The outline of her features was as purely Greek, as if she had been born and "reared"

" Where burning Sappho loved and sang."

large tracts of land untilled and untenanted—still, with the traces of cultivation, far beyond what we remember in former times, passing under our eyes; with improved drainage—in many places rendering the former swamp a meadow: with the dark patches of green crops creeping up the sides of the valleys; with the turnip, the cabbage, and the parsnip surrounding the cottage, where alone the potato had a footing previously; and, with large tracts of bog reclaimed wherever there was an improving, and, consequently, a wise and humane as well as thriving landlord—we could not but feel that the appearance of the country, generally, had improved since 1837."

She followed us down the hill, bearing upon one arm the roll of worsted stuff she was conveying to some neighbouring dyer; and leading a tethered kid—probably an offering in exchange for the labour by which she was seeking the "adornments that women love."



GALWAY PEASANT WOMAN.

Goats trot about with the peasantry very frequently, and are in admirable keeping with the wild beauty of the landscape. You hear their bleat from inaccessible mountains, and you meet them with the women by the well sides,

and the running waters.* A sudden turn in one of the hill roads brought us, one sultry morning, to where two young women had been filling their large



GALWAY PEASANT GIRLS.

* Of all animals the goat seems the most valuable to the mountain peasant. Where there are no young trees to be injured, they may browse at large on the mountain brakes, without expense; and Martin Doyle says, that if housed they can be supported on whins, the refuse of cabbage, the peelings of potatoes, and such worthless food; to those whose poverty cannot afford a cow, the goat is a real treasure, when yielding milk, which she will for several months, at the average of two quarts per day. Goats' cheese is wholesome, and the hair makes excellent linsey; it is grievous, when the value of this little animal is properly understood, to see a female kid sold for a shilling or tenpence—a not uncommon price.

brown water-pitchers. A two-eared pitcher was balanced on the head of one of them; and her cloak, looped up by her graceful attitude, displayed more of



GALWAY PRASANT WOMAN

her finely-formed limbs than was quite seemly; and this she thought, for the moment a pause in her chatter permitted her to hear the rattle of our car, she dropt her arm, and the cloak fell. These girls were followed to this lonely place by a goat, who pricked up its ears at our intrusion. We paused, to ask

for a drink of water; the girl advanced, dropt a curtsy, while she presented the pitcher, and said, "Wishing it was wine."*



GALWAY PEASANT WOMAN.

* These courteous and poetical wishes are of every-day hearing, and some of them are quite oriental. "God grant you to be as happy as the flowers in May"—"The Almighty shower down blessings on your head day and night"—"God grant you a long life, and a happy death"—"God's freah blessing be about you"—"May your bed be made in Heaven"—"The blessings of God be with you ever and always"—"May the light of Heaven shine on your grave"—"May the sun never be too hot, nor the wind too cold for you"—"May the smile of the Lord light you to

Certainly Galway abounds in picturesque women. Their long graceful limbs move with so much ease, and the cloak—so truly the shroud of all untidiness,



GALWAY PEASANT WOMAN AND CHILD.

glory." These, and a hundred others, are surely as beautiful as any orientalisms, quoted as models of expression. We were never more impressed by their effect than while in Connamara; where certainly nature is more completely free than in other parts of the island.

that we might wish it altogether abandoned—drops into such really classic folds, that every movement of the figure forms an artistic study. Look at either of these women: can anything be more beautiful than the way the hood falls round their heads, sheltering, but not concealing, the well-developed features?

We selected from Mr. Harvey's portfolio two other of his studies. The Tourist may amuse himself by endeavouring to discover the originals among the peasantry he will note in any of the towns through which he passes—in Galway town especially, and still more especially if it be market-day;* but we must again observe, that within the last few years misery and starvation have been sadly busy in Connamara, and that where the Tourist will consider the artist to have used "the painter's licence," he must often bear in mind that want and its concomitants are grievous enemies to grace in womankind; he will have little difficulty, on any Sunday afternoon, in giving faith to Mr. Harvey for the accuracy as well as elegance of his sketches—taken before the famine.†

* "The people here (in Connamara) are a much finer race than are to be found in the interior of Connaught; the men generally are tall handsome fellows; the women well-clad, buxom, and good-looking."—T. C. FOSTER.

† The dull heavy brown colour with which the peasantry almost universally dye their linsey-



woolsey gowns and petticoats in Galway and Connamara is obtained from the madder: and the dye is usually effected at home: the colour "looks well" in the country, when seen in contrast with the bright green of the landscape; but in towns it has a gloomy character infinitely less agreeable. "The Irish cloak," once so famous in song and story, is now becoming rare: it forms, however, a very graceful drapery:-the material falls well and folds well. It is usually large enough to envelop the whole person: and the hood is frequently drawn forward to shield the face of the wearer from sun, rain, or wind. It is, however, liable to objection as a sort of "cover-slut" to hide all dilapidations of dress. It has found in many parts of Ireland - in the north especially-a better and less costly substitute in the tartan or plaid shawl. In like manner the old coat or cotamore of the peasant is now nearly exploded: and in the stead of it the smarter frieze frock-coat is adopted. This is a very beneficial change: the cotamore was condemned by Spenser centuries ago; and was not only ugly and inconvenient, but expended uselessly a large quantity of cloth, sometimes consuming enough to make two ordinary garments: yet up to within the last ten or twelve years its adoption was almost universal. The other article of Irish dress supposed to be the most peculiarly national is the brogue: the "brogue," or shoe, of the Irish peasantry differs in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide, but for the last century at least it has been made of tanned In Connamara—still the wildest part of Ireland—people will be frequently met with who can speak no English; the Tourist will therefore hear the Irish tongue very often; but let him not form opinion of its sound or harmony from the coarse medium through which it may meet his ear. As wise would it be to judge of the "pure well of English undefiled" from the "talk" at Wapping.

The Irish is a language very rational and beautiful in its philosophy, and far less difficult to learn than is generally imagined; its grammar being reducible to a few simple elements which are capable of extensive application. The alphabet originally consisted of sixteen simple elements, and in this respect, as well as in the form of several of the characters, bore the impress of its Phœnician descent, in common with the Celtiberian, the Etruscan, and the Cadmean Greek.

The Irish is certainly the best preserved, as it is the purest, of all the leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes,

leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes, being made of cow-hide dressed for the purpose, and it never has an inside lining like the ordinary shoe; the sole leather is generally of an inferior

description. The regular brogue was of two sorts—the single and double pump. The former consisted of the sole and uppers only; the latter had a welt sewed between the sole and upper-leather, which gave it a stouter appearance and stronger consistency. In the process of making the regular brogue, there formerly were neither hemp, wax, nor bristles used by the workman, the sewing all being performed with a thong, or, as they called it, as



"fong," made of horsehide prepared for the purpose; and it was no mean part of the art, the cutting and pointing the fong for use. The women of the humbler classes generally throughout Ireland, except in the north, go bare-footed; there is some good reason for this, although it startles the English Tourist. We once conversed on the subject with a woman who was in circumstances to have justified the use of shoes, if she had thought fit to wear them. "Ah," she replied, in half English, half Irish, "that is what all English quality say; but shoes would give me my death of cold. If I go out to look after pig, or fowl, or to cross to a neighbour, I cannot go three yards without getting wet beyond my ankles. If I have shoe and stocking I must change them, or sit in them. I could not afford to have (like the English quality) so many pairs, then I must sit in the wet; but if I run out in my natural feet, all the time I'm on the batter, my feet though wet are warm, and the minute I come in I put them before the fire on the warm hearth-stone, and they are as dry as the heart of a rush in a minute." Indeed, we found this argument was considered reasonable, and though we can hardly separate, even now, the idea of bare feet from poverty, yet we believe that in mountain districts, habituated as the poor are to go without shoes, the uncertainty of the climate, the necessity for herding cattle, travelling bog and long grass, and crossing rivulets, the fashion is not only wise, but necessary. It is no uncommon thing to meet a group of mountain women and girls, washing their feet in a brawling river after sunset, just before they go to bed.

Celtic dialects. It contains written remains, transmitted from so remote an antiquity that the language has become nearly altogether unintelligible; MSS. of a date so old that they had become ancient in the fourth and fifth centuries, and required a gloss, which gloss has since become nearly as obsolete as the work it was designed to expound. To the archæologist, to those who would inquire into the origin, the descent, and the affinities of the older nations of western Europe, it is of the highest value; its utility has been long acknowledged by some of the most eminent writers of this and of the neighbouring continental nations. It is purely and richly poetical.*

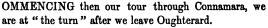
Yet against this language, the policy of the English medieval government was for centuries directed in unceasing hostility. Its use was prohibited by severe penalties, which however, so far from proving effective, seemed but to spread that "degeneracy" amongst the Anglo-Norman settlers which finally gave them the character of being more Irish than the Irish—"Hibernicis Hibernicies." Queen Elizabeth, with a good sense not participated in by her chief minister, although that minister was the great Burleigh, saw that in giving that education to the people, which she intended when she founded Trinity College, her purpose would be aided through the medium of their spoken language, and suggested the appointment of an Irish professorship. But the idea found no favour with her premier. "What!" said Burleigh, "encourage a language more nearly allied to canine barking than to the articulation human?" and he

Its terms of endearment are absolutely delicious: they are generally untranslateable, or rather their force cannot be conveyed: cushia mackree, my heart's darling; a vick macree, son of my heart; mavourneen, my love. Such expressions are common—and even to the ear are full of force and feeling: while the bitterness of indignation and the intensity of hatred cannot be expressed with greater strength in any tongue. That the Irish are fond of their native language is quite certain, although from many causes it is decaying rapidly. This, perhaps, is not to be regretted, inasmuch as aught that prevents their thorough amalgamation with the English nation and people is an evil to Ireland. As one of the many proofs we gathered of the affection of the Irish for their own language, we may mention an anecdote:—A Roman Catholic clergyman (who related the circumstance to us) was called upon to administer the last rites of his church to an aged and dying woman. On his entrance, she addressed him in English; and after he had had a brief conversation with her, she commenced her "confession;" speaking, however, in Irish. The priest was ignorant of the language, and told her so. "Then," she asked, "what brought ye here to me, if ye can't speak in my tongue, when ye knew what ye were wanted for?" "Good woman," he replied, "you understand English, and I can perform my duty as well in that language as in any other." The weak and emaciated woman raised herself from her straw pillow, and looking earnestly and angrily at her clergyman, thus addressed him: "And did you think I was going to say my last words to God Almighty in the language of the Sassenach!"

illustrated his most calumnious assertion by pronouncing, as a specimen, the cacophonous alliteration—

D'ibh, dubh, damh, obh, amh-

pronounced, div, duv, dav, ov, av; i.e. "a black steer drank a raw egg." The unhappy phrase lost to the University the intended professorship, and to literature such benefit as might have resulted from it.



We enter upon a tract of coarse peat—a soil stony, unproductive and inhospitable; but giving continual assurance that labour and limestone—the unemployed capital of Ireland, might readily and rapidly convert these barren

wastes into fertile land: for go where we will, there is always "a fall" into some lake or river close at hand; so that drainage is easy. We leave to the left one of the tokens that Ireland may be rich—a lead mine on the property of Mr. O'Flahertie; * and on the right, one of the schools of the Rev. Mr. Dallas: there is a miserable looking village not far off; but notwithstanding, the Tourist will

naturally inquire where the Reverend gentleman's scholars are to come from, through the shapeless and intricate mass of surrounding bog. Yet they are pushed on—by the love of knowledge on the one side, and by hunger on the other; and those who would keep them from moral and physical food, strive in vain against Nature.

Although in a work like this, which aims to be acceptable to all classes, we are bound to avoid topics the discussion of which may give offence, it is impossible to visit and write of Connamara without offering some remarks upon the so-called "Reformation" now in progress in that district. That the movement is bona-fide there cannot be a doubt: we had ample opportunities, not only of hearing, but of seeing, and of ascertaining to a certainty, that the number of persons who had left the Roman-Catholic religion to become mem-

^{*} It may be well to note that the Protestants of this race write the name O'Flahertie; the Roman Catholics, O'Flaherty.

bers of the Protestant Church of England, is very great: not among children alone, but among adults. It is said that the number of "converts" has amounted to 30,000, within the last four or five years; this is probably an exaggeration: but it is not difficult to understand that the amount of secessions and accessions has been large beyond all expectation. It is affirmed on the one hand, and scarcely denied on the other, that this enormous spread of "conversion" has resulted from the famine: hunger is an appalling, but an unanswerable, teacher. Starving children were received at the schools: housed, for a time; fed; and partially clothed: and the anathemas of the Priests were as little heeded as the whirlwind that comes down from the hills above Lough Inagh: the schools were called in derision, stir-about schools; vet they were filled: the children were told that their "God was their belly;" yet they ate and lived: their parents were threatened with excommunication; yet they endured the threatened terrors of the hereafter to escape present death by starvation—and they sent their children to the schools for the means of life: it is indisputable, that the plan saved from death many thousands; but for it, indeed, Connamara would have been depopulated,+

Be the motive what it may, we are bound, as tourists guiding tourists, to make this report: the schools have been enormously fruitful of good. Without presuming to say that the children have been taught a better faith, it is certain they have been instructed in better habits. They have learned to read, to work, to be clean, to be grateful, we hope, to those who saved their lives from death by hunger. They are disciplined into decent ways. Many of them are clothed as well as fed. In the streets you may know one of them by an aspect of cleanliness and comfort in contrast with the filth and wretchedness around him, and in the lessons they are taught to praise God and be thankful. When their young voices are raised in hymns, they may be indifferent to the reproach of being "jumpers"—a name of obloquy given to them.‡

^{*} Stir-about, as most of our readers know, is a "porridge" made of meal; the Indian meal is used exclusively in cases such as that under notice.

^{† &}quot;As death is said to level all distinctions, so did the famine in 1846 bring the suffering Catholics and the Protestant Clergy into close communication. The poor, when they saw the tenderness and indefatigable exertions of the Clergy of the Established Church, applied to them for relief; obtained it: and the barriers of prejudice which had separated them having been thus broken, and being simultaneously relieved by their charity, they willingly became converts to a religion which they practically found to be so different from what it had been represented to them."—SIR FRANCIS HEAD.

I We spoke to one person, a countryman, who was bitter against the converts, and he very

On we go, then, through this rugged district: on the left a succession of lakes, with brawling rivers running from one into another. "The Big Loch"-Lough Bofin-first attracts notice; but the mountains soon rival the lakes, assuming new shapes, and always shapes of singular beauty, at every turn of the road. Two of the most prominent will be asked about: they are Shannadullaghaun and Knockaunanilra. We cross a bridge over a rushing angry river tributary to "the big lake," with its one island gracefully wooded, and then we obtain a glimpse of Lough Corrib and the Hen's Castle, of which more anon. The Tourist may pause a moment at the cabin-cottage of William Lyons, who "lets" two beds to anglers, and has a boat upon one of the lakes, all of which are famous for trout. Such monotonous tracts as we are describing are broken now and then by lime-kilns, often of a picturesque character. A couple of miles further on, and the eye rests on a whitewashed cabin dignified by the name of "Butler's Lodge," close to which the road turns off to the right and leads to the hotel at Maam. At the turn of the road, many will rest for a few minutes to mark and admire the picturesque forms of the mountains. Here we obtain the first view of the mountain range Benbeola, "the Twelve Pins;" which we shall not again lose signt of until we have been all round

unconsciously pronounced a most emphatic laudation upon the system. The following conversation occurred:—

- "Would you know a jumper if you saw him?"
- "O yes, at once."
- "How!"
- "Why, you see, he looks healthy, and clane, and is better dressed than the people about him."
- "And would you know a jumper's house?"
- "O yes."
- " How ?"
- "Why, ye see, it 's whitewashed, and has many bits o' things, and there 'll be no dungheap by the door."

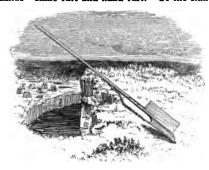
And, certainly, the Tourist will find many opportunities of testing the accuracy of this view of the case: whatever else "conversion" may do, it will certainly improve the habits of the people. Without incurring the hazard of being charged with prejudice, we may allude to the statements of all travellers, when treating of this topic—not only in Ireland, but in Switzerland, and in other countries where the Protestants and Roman Catholics are neighbours: a very brief residence in Ireland will enable the Tourist to discover "which is which."

* "The English traveller here finds himself in a country which, in its peculiar features, has no parallel in his own. Lake follows lake in rapid succession; mountains rise up on every side, sometimes in ridges, sometimes in groups, sometimes standing out singly. Where the hills recede, extensive bogs slope gently to the borders of the lakes, affording good falls for drainage; while, on the rocky sides of the mountains, fair pasture may be found for innumerable flocks of sheep."—The Sazon in Ireland.

58 TURF.

Connamara. Their variety is "infinite;" at every pause which the Tourist makes he will see them under a new aspect, and in a new character.

Bog and mountain all the way! Turf is plenty if food be scarce, provided always the summer has given sun to dry it. Turf is the fuel of Ireland. There is no wood, and coal can scarcely be spoken of as existing there for household purposes; it is found in Kilkenny* and in some other parts, but limited in quantity and inferior in quality: and its price effectually keeps it away from the dwellings of the peasantry. But turf is everywhere abundant, and usually a right of "turbary" is attached to all holdings. The turf for use is of two kinds—slane turf and hand turf. Of the slane, (or turf spade,) some idea may



THE SLANE.

be formed from the appended engraving. When cut into shapes about the form and size of a brick, the turf is spread out upon the land to dry. It remains there for two, three, or four months, and is then gathered into ricks or stacks. Another mode is that of making turf by hand, and turf so made is called for distinction "hand-turf." This method only takes place on the petty bogs, and generally where

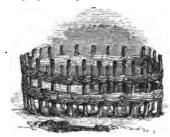
the slane has preceded in former seasons. The peat treated in this way is less fibrous, has some earth or dissolved vegetable matter mixed with it, and is in consequence deficient in cohesiveness: it would crumble from the slane, and is therefore made by hand. After a sufficient quantity has been raised from the bog and carried to the dry margin, it is usually worked by the legs of women, and perhaps men, bare to the knees, until it acquires a consistency like that of dough: it is then moulded into shapes, like loaves for the oven, by the hands of many men and women, and spread out on the ground until it is sufficiently dry to be footed: after soaking in the small heaps, very loosely put together, for a sufficient time, the process of re-footing takes place, that is, the heaps

^{*} The peculiarity of the Kilkenny coal is that it emits no smoke, gives little or no flame, and leaves but a trifling residue of ashes.

are made larger; and in due time the clamping takes place. This turf is

black, gives much ashes, and is therefore inferior to the other. The turf is conveyed to market in a large basket of wicker-work called a "Kish." *

The general opinion as to the origin of bogs—a subject much and continually discussed—is that they are not "primitive or original masses of earth," but accumulations of vegetable matter, "which has undergone a peculiar change, under a degree of temperature not sufficiently



THE KISH.

great to decompose the plants that have sprung up upon the surface." The theory is supported by the fact that in nearly all bogs are found the remains of huge forests, trees of numerous varieties, some of them so entire and perfect as to be useful for the purposes of the builder. Happily for the poor of Ireland, their proximity to bogs composed of the spongy substance which, during eight months of the year, is saturated with water, is not attended with the injurious results that affect persons located on the margins of morasses, formed by the decomposition of aquatic vegetables; and which, in all climates,

* The kish is indispensable in every Irish cottage: it serves a dozen purposes: it is very often used as a cradle, and is not unfrequently the bed-room of a grown-up girl or boy. We remember an anecdote, in illustration, which the reader will permit us space to tell. Some "drivers" were distraining for rent the furniture in a poor peasant's cabin; the man was surrounded by his family. He kept his eyes fixed upon the remnants of his "household gods," that were dragged out previous to being carried away; he pointed to the potato kish which was placed beside the table-"God bless you," he exclaimed to the man, "God bless you, and don't take that,-it's nothing but a kish, it's not worth half a farthing to ye, it's falling to pieces; but it's more to me, homeless and houseless as I am, than thousand: it's nothing but a kish, but my eldest boy-he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his little sister had not gone among the bright stars of heaven, but were here to watch over him: it's nothing but a kish-yet many a time little Kathleen crowed, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy: it's nothing but a kish—yet many a day, in the midst of my slavery, have I, and my wife, and five as beautiful children as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom-sat round it, and eat the praytie and salt out of it, fresh and wholesome; and when I had my six blessings to look on, its little I cared for the slavery a poor Irishman is born to: it's nothing but a kish-but it's been with me full, and it's been with me empty, for many a long year, and it's used to me-it knows my throubles-for since the bed was sould from under us, for the last gale, what else had we to keep our heads from the could earth?—For the love of the Almighty God, have mercy on a poor weak, houseless man-don't take the last dumb thing he cares for-sure it's nothing but a kish!"

are more or less (according to the degree in which they are influenced by heat) unfavourable to health.* But, alas! the bogs are like the pasturage in this region of CAPABILITIES: there are but few inhabitants to need the turf, and few cabins in which to consume it—the country, at even a short distance from the towns, has the aspect of a desert: famine and pestilence have done their work, and the people seem appalled at the prospect of dwelling any longer "at home;" they may by possibility find in some far distant country natural advantages equal to those they leave behind them; but the emigrant will look in vain for land so endowed by nature to give food and comforts to man.†



N, then, we go, down a somewhat steep descent of road, the great master-work of the engineer Nimmo, and so we arrive in sight of the hotel at Maam (which, being translated, means a Gap, or Pass); especially welcome if it be the eve of a long and well-spent day, humble though it seems, and though it looks, in the far-off distance, scarcely large enough to contain the carpet-bag

which now finds space enough in the "well of the car."

* "In comparing the reports of our engineers with each other, we find, as might be expected, considerable difference of opinion as to the most eligible modes of draining these bogs, and of reducing them to a state of cultivation. They all, however, agree, not merely as to the perfect practicability in every instance of reclaiming them, but also that the measure would be attended with a very great degree of profit."—Report of a Commission in 1809.

+ "Miles and miles of red bogs, inclined so as to be capable of easy drainage, and having below them the limestone gravel which would render them fertile, lie neglected and waste, unable even to afford pasturage for sheep; whilst the steep hill sides, which require no draining, and which have scarcely a covering of earth on their rocky formation, are scratched into potato-

beds, or sown with oats, by the poverty-stricken population."-T. C. Foster.

"But a new danger threatens. Emigration progresses at a fearful rate. The Celt will no longer wait for better times. He has lost all confidence in his only anchor—the potato. What is to replace it if he remains? He cannot tell! This is his present great and immediate difficulty—the source of his panic terror. He is the creature of impulse and example, and these now drive him headlong to foreign shores. With all his deficiencies, he has many most estimable and loveable qualities; and without him, Ireland, however advanced in civilization and greatness, will not again exhibit the true social happiness, the joyous content, the cheerful laughter-loving spirit, the warm heart, the genuine hospitality, which, whenever good times—few and far between—and the absence of agitation, rarer still, permitted them to expand, were hitherto always sure to

It is distant four miles from the main road and twelve from Oughterard, (Irish miles, be it remembered.) Here should be his first resting-place, for here the inland glories of Connamara are seen to great advantage. He is now, and has been for some time, in the country of lakes, where they assume all shapes, and are of sizes singularly varied. The mountains are on either side pouring down their supplies in rivers, broad or narrow, but ever rapid, and rushing over, or around, huge rocks that divert their channels, so that each is twisted into singular forms before it reaches the plain upon which we are now traversing. Immediately "at the turn down to Maam" is one of the most beautiful and picturesque of these lakes, Lough Anillaun-"The Lake of many Islands"-surrounded by thick underwood, and full of small islets on which the furze, broom, and heather flourish luxuriantly. On the right is the western bank of Lough Corrib; and occasionally striking and agreeable views are caught of this great sheet of water. On the left is the noble mountain of Shanfiola, rising high above a score of lesser hills, and looking down upon the loveliest, yet the loneliest, of all the lakes-Lough Inagh; lying in solitary grandeur in the centre of a circle of hills, each impassable, except to the pedestrian, or to one of the little sure-footed ponies, that are never known to stumble, and will bear almost incredible fatigue, although fed only upon the thin herbage of the boggy soil, and looking so poor and wretched that a hill-blast would seem sufficient to upset them. Yet these ragged-coated "steeds" not uncommonly journey forty miles without other refreshment than the "drain" of oatmeal and water. We have been travelling upon the road made by the justly-celebrated engineer, Mr. Nimmoone of the benefactors of Ireland, who civilized this wild district: and as we approach Maam, we arrive in sight of the cottage built for his accommodation while superintending his "works." It is now the "Maam Hotel," and stands beside an elegant bridge which crosses an arm of Lough Corrib, where the lake is joined by the river Bealnabrack.*

At Maam, then, the Tourist must rest. He is in the midst of a host of

flourish upon Irish soil; and the love of kindred, parental and filial affection—these, the worst times which Ireland ever experienced could not diminish. To these are due the vast sums continually remitted from America to furnish the means of emigration to other thousands, and pouring in so rapidly as to have excited fears of absolute depopulation. Should the present rate of emigration continue, the Saxon will be too late! The element of labour will have deserted the country."—Dr. Ellis.

^{* &}quot;Beal-na-brack," i.e. the river of the trout's mouth.

natural wonders; within reach of all the leading beauties of the district; and he will be domiciled at a very comfortable inn.*



THE HOTEL AT MAAM.

* The landlord is named Rourke: and he was for some years a waiter at Gresham's Hotel, in Dublin. He has been, therefore, educated to his calling-a rare circumstance among persons of his class in Ireland. He is, consequently, not above his business, which he "condescends" to look after himself-a fact not common at inns in Ireland. He waits upon his guests, and ascertains that all their wants and comforts are cared and provided for. His servants are remarkably considerate and attentive; his cars are well horsed and in good order; his son, a very superior young man in all respects, knows every inch of the country; and the charges are exceedingly moderate. The locality is admirably suited to persons who, having plenty of leisure, desire to examine every part of the district by making occasional "trips." It is about eight or ten miles from all the most attractive points in the scenery-being nearly equidistant from Cong, Delphi, and Clifden. It is situated on the most beautiful and interesting portion of Lough Corrib, where the mountain breezes are peculiarly healthful and invigorating; and in the very centre of pleasure to the sportsman. From the windows of the hotel may be seen Lough Corrib, and the island and castle in its centre; opposite are the "Maam Turc Range"-an hour's walk from the hotel placing the visitor in the midst of them, with the solitary and majestic Loch Inagh at his feet. Unfortunately, the accommodation here is limited. No more than ten or twelve persons can sleep here. It has not been enlarged since it was erected by Mr. Nimmo-chiefly because the "head landlord" will give "no encouragement" to enterprise. The consequence is, that weary

There was nothing in Connamara that astonished or delighted us more than this valley, through which the river winds at the base of a double line of mountains. We saw many scenes of wilder and more rugged grandeur, but none that so happily mingled the sublime and beautiful. We are here, indeed, in the presence of the "lone majesty of untamed nature;" few of the works of man appear around us—of habitations there are none, except a score of humble cabins sheltered by the overhanging hill: and of the labours of the husbandman the evidence is very scanty:—

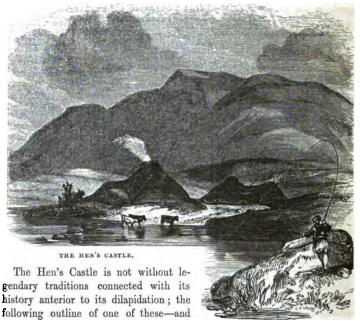
"No fields of waving corn were here, Vineyard, nor bowering fig, nor fruifful vine—Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream, Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills Arose on either hand. Here hung the yew—Here the rich heath that o'er some smooth ascent Its purple glory spread—or golden gorse—Bare here, and striated with many a hue Scored by the wintry rain, by torrents here, And with o'erhanging rocks abrupt. Here crags loose hanging o'er the narrow pass Impended."

The peculiar beauty of the scene consists, indeed, in the happy blending of rugged grandeur wich gentle beauty; for the river moves calmly through the dell, after having rushed in torrents down the sides of the mountain, and pursues its even course into the broad lake. Of this remarkable scenery, the appended sketch may convey some idea. Only one solitary ruin is within our ken—the ivy-crowned walls of an old castle, classed among the oldest in Ireland, which occupies a low island close to the shore of Lough Corrib.

The castle of "Caislean-na-circe," or the Hen's Castle, is said to have originated with Roderick O'Conor, the last of the native kings, as a place of refuge and safety in the event of his enemies forcing him from the sanctuary of neighbouring Cong. It is, however, asserted that "its true founders were the sons of Roderick, assisted by Richard de Burgo, Lord of Connaught, and Lord Justice of Ireland." That an object thus situated—having no accompaniments around but those in keeping with it—should, in the fanciful traditions of an imaginative people, be deemed to have had a supernatural origin, is only what might have been naturally expected; and such, indeed, is the popular belief.

and hungry travellers are not unfrequently met upon the threshold by the appalling intelligence that they must go further and fare worse, a disappointment that truly calls for sympathy.

If we inquire of the peasantry its origin, or the origin of its name, the ready answer is given, that it was built by enchantment in one night by a cock and a hen grouse, who had been an Irish prince and princess!



the latest—as told at the cottage firesides around Lough Corrib, may be worth preserving as having a probable foundation in truth.

It is said that during the troubled reign of Queen Elizabeth, a lady of the O'Flahertys, who was an heiress and a widow, with an only child, a daughter, to preserve her property from the grasp of her own family and that of the De Burgos, or Burkes, shut herself up with her child in the Hen's Castle, attended by twenty faithful followers, of tried courage and devotion to her service, of her own and her husband's family. As such a step was, however, pregnant

with danger to herself, by exciting the attention and alarm of the government and local authorities, and furnishing her enemies with an excuse for aggression, she felt it necessary to obtain the Queen's sanction to her proceedings; accordingly she addressed a letter to her Majesty, requesting her permission to arm her followers, and alleging, as a reason for it, the disaffected state of the country, and her ardent desire to preserve its peace for her Majesty. The letter, after the fashion of the times, was not signed by the lady in her acquired matron's name, but in her maiden one, of which no doubt she was more proud; it was Bivian or Bivinda O'Flaherty. The Queen received it graciously; but not being particularly well acquainted with the gender of Irish Christian names, and never suspecting from the style or matter of the epistle that it had emanated from one of her own sex, she returned an answer written with her own hand, authorizing her good friend "Captain Bivian O'Flaherty" to retain twenty men at her Majesty's expense, for the preservation of the peace of the country; and they were maintained accordingly, till the infant heiress, becoming adult, was united to Thomas Blake, the ancestor of the present Sir John Blake, of Menlo Castle, and proprietor of the Castle of the Hen.

Another legend is, that O'Flaherty, the cock, being slain in an encounter by the Joyces, they thought to get easy possession of his castle: but his widow defended it bravely and successfully, and was hence called THE HEN. One other legend we borrow from the Rev. Cæsar Otway:—

"The place was called Castle Hen, and all the neighbours said that it was built by a witch, who came there one night when the Joyces were driving the old residenters, the O'Flahertys, out of the country; and she appeared on the little island with a black hen following her, which all allowed must not be nathural; but, at any rate, before morning, up sprung that great building. And then she gave it to King O'Flaherty, and the hen along with it; and she told him to take good care of the hen, for that when the Sassenach besieged him, and with their boats would be keeping off all provisions from him, the black hen would lay white eggs enough to keep him from starving: and so it was: the Joyces often besieged it, and tried, when they could not take it by force, to starve out the O'Flaherty, but the eggs kept him alive. But sure enough, one Easter Sunday, after a long Lent, the master, poor man, was mighty craving for a bit of meat, and, indeed, I suppose the potteen had got into his head; any how, he couldn't be in his right mind, for he takes the hen,

do you see, cuts her throat, boils her for his dinner—and a heavy dinner it was for him; for, from that day forth he had neither luck nor grace; the Joyces soon surrounded the place with their boats—not a morsel of meal or meat would they let near it; and you see that, as the black hen was no more, he could have no eggs, and then he had to give up the last hold of the O'Flahertys in this place; he had to quit before the Joyces, and go to the wild country."



THE VILLAGE OF PAIRHILL.

The road to Cong runs for a considerable way beside the lake, passing "the Hen's Castle," and by degrees the lonely character of the scenery is left behind; for the view opens upon the beautiful lough and the shores for many miles, by which it is encompassed. After a while the road ascends, and we reach a remarkably pretty village—the village of Fairhill, not unaptly so called, which commands a most extensive and magnificent prospect of the two lakes—Corrib and Mask*—for it stands upon a narrow neck of land which separates them, and under which roll, through a subterranean channel, the waters of the latter to join those of the former, voyaging together into the ocean at Galway Bay.

^{*} Lough Mask, a corruption of Measg: "it is popularly said to have been so named because its waters flow into, meascadh, mingle with those of the neighbouring lakes, Corrib and Carra." "Lough Mask has no visible outlet for its waters: it communicates with L-ugh Corrib by subterraneous channels, which appear in several large caverns near Cong."



ONG is distant 12 miles from Maam: it may be visited by the lake from Oughterard, and a car may then be had at Cong to drive to Maam: but we thus lose the wild and picturesque scenery we have been describing; and we think the best way will be to visit this interesting place after a night's rest at Maam, returning thither, but by a different road, in the evening. At all events Cong must be visited: and the day so spent will be well spent.*

To this Abbey, which retains many tokens of early splendour, Roderick O'Conor, the last of the Irish kings, retired when his English enemies grew



BUINS AT COMO

^{*} The Saxon in Ireland speaks of the Inn at Cong as "quiet and well-conducted;" he adds: "I have seldom met with a landlord more truly respectable and obliging; I determined to make Cong my head-quarters during the term of my stay in this part of the country; and I had no reason to regret my choice. Every information and facility were given freely in aid of my researches."

too strong for him; here he passed the remainder of his life, living in monastic seclusion for fifteen years; and here, according to tradition, he was buried. The honour of covering his remains is, however, disputed by Clonmacnois.*

But, at least, the place of his interment is pointed out at Cong by village



AT CONG.

historians, who would as soon part with their birthright as relinquish their claim to the dust of the latest monarch of their country. The grave stands immediately under the great east window; common stones are heaped in careless profusion above it: but it is surrounded by very perfect and beautiful sculptured buttresses, doorways, and ornaments of a gorgeous character, which speak of the former wealth and power of this sanctuary of kings. The sceptical as to the interment of O'Conor. will, however, receive ample assurance that

here, at all events, the last abbot—Prendergast—was buried about twenty years ago. He died at the age of eighty-eight; and his memory is revered by rich and poor in the neighbourhood; he was described to us as a fine white-headed man, the very picture of benevolence, who had been followed, for upwards of half a century, by blessings wherever he passed. A model of the Irish priest

^{*} The Annals of the Four Masters inform us that Roderick O'Conor, king of Connaught, and monarch of Ireland, died A.D. 1198, at Cong, and that his remains were interred at Cloumacnois.

of the old school he was: who combined the manners of a gentleman with the accomplishments of a scholar.*

It is impossible to render justice to the rich remains of this famous abbey: the entrance gateway we have pictured; it is in a very perfect state, and is but a sample of the whole of the interesting structure. The windows are, in especial, curious specimens of decorated Norman architecture; and some of the carvings seem as fresh, after the lapse of centuries, as if they had but recently passed from the hands of the sculptor. The situation is also exceedingly beautiful: the site was happily chosen: and in walking round the old walls and in the garden, or standing beside a singularly clear well that oozes from a rock, it is difficult not to

" Envy them-those monks of old.";

"The Cross of Cong," of which we append an engraved copy, was presented to the Royal Irish Academy in 1839, by Professor McCullagh, by whom it had been purchased from the Roman Catholic clergyman of Cong, who with the funds thus supplied was enabled to repair his chapel, which had been unroofed by a storm. It is "a most interesting memorial of the period preceding the English invasion, and shows a very high state of art in the country at the time when it was made, which was the early part of the twelfth century, in the reign of Therdelach Ua Conchovar, (or Turlogh O'Conor,)

- * Among the ruins of Cong lie also the mortal remains of Mac Namars—a famous freebooter, whose "stated house" still exists close to the walls of the abbey. Marvellous tales are told of his daring acts and extraordinary escapes; still more wonderful are the stories of his powerful and swift-footed steed.
- + The monks of Cong were banished in consequence of the following circumstance:-The proprietor of the place, who was named Richard Bourke, and his wife, being invited to dine at the Monastery one day, the lady, on seeing that the ingenious friars had their nets and fishingrods so contrived, that through a chink in the wall, the end of the rod and line passed from the river outside, to the table at which they dined, and that on the end of the rod was placed a small bell which rung whenever the bait was taken or the net was struck by the fish in the river, became so covetous of the place, and the other beauties and useful contrivances belonging to it, that she vowed she would be possessed of it, and never ceased till she got her husband to yield to her entreaties, and banish the whole confraternity. They were, it is said, about 700 in number when banished; and walking two by two, the first of them had arrived at the spot where Strandhill-gate (about a mile) now stands, when the last had just quitted the Monastery, so that a book forgotten by one of the first was handed to him without his being obliged to walk back for it. It is said that at this place they all turned to the right (the spot is since called "Iompo Deshile,"or Turn-to-the-Right) and cursed Cong. The family by whom they were banished were the first and the last upon whom they poured their bitter invectives and imprecated curses. It is said that in consequence of these imprecations none of the descendants of Richard Bourke, the object of the friars' vengeance, has been blessed with a second son.

father of Roderick. This date is supplied by the Gaelic inscriptions, extremely clear and well cut, which cover the silver edges of the cross, and which, besides



THE CROSS OF CONG.

giving the names of the king and of a contemporary dignitary of the church, preserve that of the artist himself, who was an Irishman. A Latin inscription

informs us that it contains a precious relic-a portion of the wood of the 'true cross;' and this circumstance will account for the veneration in which it has been held for ages, though, unfortunately, it was not sufficient to protect it from injury, much of the ornamental work having been removed, and part of the inscriptions torn away. Notwithstanding these depredations, however, it is still a splendid monument of ecclesiastical antiquity. In the centre of the arms, at their junction with the shaft, there is fixed a cruciform piece of oak, marked with the figure of a cross, and much older, apparently, than the rest of the wood, which is oak also. This piece bears marks of the knife, as if it had been taken for the relic; though it is perhaps too large to be so, and, besides, it does not appear that the true cross was made of oak. Hereabouts, however, the relic certainly was; for the place is surmounted by a very conspicuous crystal of quartz, not long, but round, being in fact a thick, double-convex lens, with one surface much more convex than the other. The cross is studded 'full of precious stones,' or rather imitations of them, disposed at regular distances along the edges, and elsewhere. The central crystal is surrounded by an elegant ornament in gold; and all the rest of the cross, both before and behind, is richly adorned with an interwoven tracery, of that peculiar kind which the Irish were so fond of. 'The tracery is of solid gold; * the inscribed edging is of silver; and both are separated from the wooden frame by plates of copper;' the whole being held together by nails, of which the heads are little heads of animals. The shaft also terminates below, in the double head of an animal, which is large and very finely executed. The end is hollow, to admit a staff. by which the cross was carried, like the crosier of an archbishop. The height of the shaft is about two feet and a half, and the span of the arms about nineteen inches."

The neighbourhood of Cong is remarkably rich in natural wonders. A little to the north-west of it, a narrow neck of land divides the two great lakes of Connaught—Lough Mask and Lough Corrib; and, close to the town, the water runs through a natural tunnel, deep under ground, a distance of some three

^{*} This has been since found to be a mistake; the gold is a wash very well put on, indeed nothing can be better. How it was done would puzzle a modern artist; altogether the gold on the cross is not worth ten shillings, yet it is made to go very far, and may have been intended more for use than ornament,—to prevent the brass becoming foul from the dampness of the climate. During our visit to Maam in 1852, we obtained a ring that had been found at Cong; it is of iron, but has marks of having been coated with gold.

or four miles; the northern lake, Mask, thus joining the southern lake, Corrib, and both making their wav into the Bay of Galway. Lough Mask being much higher than Lough Corrib, the stream rushes in mighty cataracts far beneath the surface of the earth-which occasionally sends up a dismal melancholy sound; keeping alive the embers of decaying superstition. Here and there the land has fallen in, exhibiting the wild rush of waters far underneath. One of the caves, thus formed, we went a short distance out of our road to visit. It is named the Pigeon-hole. We were waited upon by an aged crone; as villanous a looking libel on "the sex" as it has ever been our lot to encounter. She lives in a cabin close by, and watches with wolfish eyes for the coming of a "curosity passenger," whom it is her business to initiate into the mysteries of the cave. We marvelled to see her with a wisp of straw in one hand and a lighted turf in the other; but their purpose was soon explained. We reached "the hole," a chasm in the hill-side, the opening to which, about forty feet in circumference, was adorned with honevsuckle and wild roses, growing in the richest profusion. We descended a rude and steep pathway, cut into rough steps, a distance of, perhaps, thirty yards to the bottom; from the summit, the ivy had grown downwards nearly the whole way, and fell in graceful "strings" and folds, running also up the sides, and literally clothing the mournful hollow with green verdure. At length we stood below; the water rushed fiercely through a deep and narrow channel, boiling and foaming along, but apparently without either ingress or egress, for the limestone rocks enclosed it, and its passage both in and out was imperceptible, except by the bubbling up at its entrance, and the smooth surface it presented when it left the cave for a cave still deeper, hidden since the creation from human eyes. The crone, having first directed our attention to a brace of holy trout—which had "lived there since St. Patrick blessed the abbey of Cong," and which we actually saw swimming merrily about in a small basin where the water was somewhat calm—entered deliberately upon her chief business of the day.* Bending her

^{*} Mr. Ball, the naturalist, of Dublin, tells a curious story in reference to these miraculous trout. "When visiting the Pigeon-hole, a curious cavern in the county of Mayo, through which runs a subterranean river, I was shown what my guides called a holy trout. Desirous of testing the superstitions of the country people then present, and, at the same time, awakening the echoes of the cavern, I proposed firing a pistol at the trout. On presenting it they turned away their heads, and at the moment I was about to pull the trigger, a small cloud obscured the sun, and I lost sight of the fish; nothing daunted, I fired, and the sun shone forth at once again and displayed the trout unscathed. I have no doubt the accidental occurrence of this momentary

shrivelled features over the "coal of turf," the "wisp of straw" was soon lighted; it was flung upon the current, and carried swiftly by the rush of waters down to the furthest end of the cave, spreading a bright glow over the whole scene, and exhibiting to us the parts of the cave that had previously been concealed by the darkness. Although but for a moment, the entire of this singular natural excavation was exhibited—its height, length, and breadth.



MONUMENTS AT CONG.

This is not the only singular object in the vicinity of Cong. On the way to Joyce's Country we saw heaps of piled-up stones on either side of the road; these heaps continuing for above a mile, after their commencement a

obscuration has tended to confirm the country people in their belief." Mr. Otway says, "The stream which runs through the cavern seemed alive with the trout." The legend, however, is, that it has never been inhabited by more than two; and two only we could see. The same story is told here as we have heard elsewhere: How an unbelieving soldier took away with him one of them, and placed it upon a gridiron to broil; upon which the trout instantly vanished, and was found next day swimming about by the side of his companion, in the old place, as merrily as if he had never been tried by the ordeal of fire. At the holy well at the foot of Croagh Patrick, near Westport, a brace of trout are exhibited, upon one of which a like experiment was made—and in this case there can be no doubt; for the guardian of the Well showed us upon the side of the trout the marks left by the hot bars of the gridiron.

short distance from the western entrance to the town. The artist may convey a better notion of their peculiar character than any written description can do. We left our car to examine them minutely; and learned they were monuments to the memory of "deceased" persons, "erected" by their surviving friends. Upon death occurring, the primitive tumulus is built -if that may be called building which consists in placing a few large stones upon a spot previously unoccupied. Each relative of the dead adds to the heap; and in time it becomes a "mountain" of tolerable size. Each family knows its own particular monument; and a member of, or a descendant from it, prays and leaves his offering only at that especial one. The custom has endured for many generations; some of the heaps bore tokens of great age; and one was pointed out to us of which there were records, in the transferred memories of the people, for at least 500 years. The bodies are in no instance buried here—it is not consecrated earth; the monuments are merely memorials, and no doubt originated at a period when a Roman Catholic was, according to the provisions of a Law equally foolish and cruel, interred, without form or ceremony, in church ground—the ground that had been the property of their ancestors. None of these stone cairns have any mason-work, and they are generally of the rudest forms, or rather without any form, the stones having been carelessly cast one upon another. Upon one of them only could we discover any inscription—this one is introduced into the print; it is built with far more than the usual care; it contained an inscription; " Pray for ye soule of John Joyce, & Mary Joyce, his wife, died 1712;" some of them, however, seem to have been constructed with greater care than others, and many of them were topped with a small wooden cross. We estimated that there were at least 500 of these primitive monuments—of all shapes and sizes—along the road. In each of them we observed a small hollow, which the peasants call "a window;" most of these were full of pebbles, and upon inquiry we learned that when one of the race to whom the deceased belonged kneels by the side of this record to his memory and offers up a prayer for the repose of his soul, it is customary to fling a little stone into this "cupboard;" the belief being that gradually as . it fills, so, gradually, the soul is relieved of punishment in purgatory; when completely full the soul has entered paradise. We have prolonged our description of this singular and interesting scene, because it seems to have been altogether overlooked by travellers, and because we believe that nothing like

it is to be met with in any other part of Ireland; although similar objects are to be found in several other places about Connamara, none of them, however, are so extensive as this which adjoins Cong.*

From Cong, as we have intimated, we retrace our steps to Maam, varying the route somewhat by taking a mountain road; or if more agreeable, a boat to row through the Lake.† The views from the mountain road will amply compensate for the additional toil. The Tourist will return to Maam, in order to proceed next morning to Leenane-en route through Connamara. I

We are now in the district known as "THE JOYCE COUNTRY:" deriving its name from the ancient settlers, who have been time out of mind described as men of giant forms and herculean prowess. This idea, however, is little less than fabulous; there are "big" men among the Joyces-and no doubt there have always been, but as a race they are little above the common standard. The chiefs of the Joyces are, now-a-days, no more than small farmers -barely that. The property in the neighbourhood is principally owned by the Lords Leitrim and Charlemont; much of it, however, belongs to Trinity

* Those who desire to visit the Eastern shores of Loughs Corrib and Mask, (to which our tour did not extend,) will do well to procure the volume of "The Saxon in Ireland;" indeed, under any circumstances, this exceedingly interesting and valuable book should be in the hands of all Tourists in the West.

Mr. Bald estimates the water-power of Lough Mask and the small Lough Carra, which contain together about 25,000 acres, as equivalent to 2,034 horses, working twenty-four hours, which, under sluice and dam, working twelve hours a day, would be 4,064 horses, which would be equal to eighty-one steam engines of fifty horse power each. The regularity of water-power makes it (independent of the saving of cost, which Sir Robert Kane estimates at 301. per horse power per annum) much more valuable, when steadiness of motion is required, than steam-power.

† There is at all times some danger in sailing about the shores of Lough Corrib: the water may be perfectly smooth at one moment, and "tossing like fury" the next, without any obvious cause; sudden squalls coming down from the mountains, rush along the waves, bearing every-

thing before them: while a few yards off there is not a breath of air stirring.

"An upset is no uncommon event here: the height of the hills surrounding these lakes, and the frequency of the valleys and ravines, collecting the wind and allowing it to rush over the lake in detached squalls, make sailing here very dangerous at times. The water may be perfectly smooth one moment, and the next a perfect hurricane. Sometimes these squalls will be accurately circumscribed, not covering a surface of more than a few hundred yards, driving with the greatest fury till they encounter one of the numerous islands, or expend their violence across its whole breadth."-REV. CESAR OTWAY.

‡ "That Cong will again rise into importance, when the new arrangements for internal communication are completed, no one can reasonably doubt. Indeed, this neighbourhood abounds with temptations to the settler. Many of the farms around Cong are of excellent quality: even wheat is grown in abundance; and now that Galway offers an easily attainable market for produce and stock, I should pronounce this immediate district as one of the most promising in the West.'

-The Saxon in Ireland.



THE IRISH JIG.

College. According to the Rev. Cæsar Otway, "the Joyces were a troop or band that came over from Wales or the West of England, with Bermingham of Atherny, in the reign of Edward the First. Their name was Joyes or Jorse, and they were said to be descended from ancient British princes." Having settled in Connaught, they were of course at perpetual feud with the O'Maddens and the O'Flaherties: and their history must be curious and interesting-if there were any to tell it. They must have degenerated much,-for they are now of little note: even "Mister big Jack Joyce" has dwindled morally and physically.*

The Tourist will occasionally meet upon the road

* "So called from a Welsh family of Yoes, Joas, or Shoyes."-O'FLAHERTY.

[&]quot;This old Galway family is of ancient and honourable English descent, and was allied to the Welsh and British princes. Thomas Joyce, the first of the name that came to Ireland, sailed from Wales in the reign of Edward I. and arrived with his fleet at Thomond, in Munster, where he married Norah O'Brien, daughter of the chief of that district. From thence putting to sea, he directed his course to the western part of Connaught, where he acquired considerable tracts of territory, which his posterity still inhabit. While on the voyage, his wife was delivered of a son, whom he named M'Mara, 'son of the sea.' He extended his father's acquisitions, and from him descended the sept of the Joyces, a race of men remarkable for their extraordinary stature, who, for centuries past, inhabited the mountainous district in Jar Connaught, called from them Duthaidh Sheodhoigh, or Joyce's Country, now forming the barony of Ross, in the county of Galway, and for which they were formerly tributary to the O'Flaherties."—Hardiman's History of Galway.

(especially on Sunday evenings) groups of "boys" enjoying the game of Hurley. The games of the Irish peasantry are but few: some years ago dancing was universal; every Sunday evening every parish had its "Pattern;" and the Irish Jig was well known for its buoyant hilarity. Now-a-days, however, dances are rare: temperance and famine have both operated to suppress amusements among the people. In the towns, temperance societies, with their reading-rooms and lectures, supply substitutes for the dance, but it is other-



THE GAME OF HURLEY.

wise in the "country parts." The Game of Hurley is a fine, manly exercise, with sufficient of danger to produce excitement; and is, indeed, par excellence, the game of the peasantry of Ireland. To be an expert hurler, a man must possess athletic powers of no ordinary character; he must have a quick eye, a ready hand, and a strong arm; he must be a good runner, a skilful wrestler, and withal patient as well as resolute. In some respects, the game resembles

cricket; but the rules, and the form of the bats, are different; the bat of the cricketer being straight, and that of the hurler crooked, as shown in the print.

The object is for each party to endeavour to drive the ball through the wicket of his opponent: parties sometimes number 50 or 60 a side. The ball is first thrown up, and struck in the direction which a lucky or unlucky stroke may give it; it is sent flying over the field. It is then followed by the entire party at their utmost speed. The ball must not be taken from the ground by the hand; and the tact and skill shown in taking it on the point of the hurley, and running with it half the length of the field, and when too closely pressed, striking it towards the goal, is a matter of astonishment to those who are but slightly acquainted with the play. At the goal, is the chief brunt of the battle. The goal-keepers receive the prize, and are opposed by those set over them; the struggle is tremendous,—every power of strength and skill is exerted; while the parties from opposite sides of the field run at full speed to support their men engaged in the conflict; then the tossing and straining is at its height; the men often lying in dozens side by side on the grass, while the ball is returned by some strong arm again, flying above their heads, towards the other goal. Thus, for hours has the contention been carried on, and frequently the darkness of night arrests the game without giving victory to either side.

AAM, from Leenane, is distant eight Irish miles; there is no public conveyance; but, as we have said, good cars will be furnished by Mr. Rourke, and if his son be the driver, the Tourist will be "in luck." We first pass between mountains, which on either side look down upon the Glen of Beal-na-brack and the river that brawls through it: conspicuous everywhere among these mountains is Maam

Turc: scarcely less so is Maam-Een (the Bird's Pass), in which is the famous bed of St. Patrick (a cleft in the rock), where he is said to have slept on his way to Croagh Patrick.* West of this glen are Loughs Inagh and Derryclere: and a walk to them of some six miles through

[&]quot; "At Mam-en there springs out of a stone a little water, named from St. Patrick, which is a present remedy against murrain in cattle, not only applied, but also as soon as it is sent for they begin to have ease."—O'FLAHERTY.

the pass, we understand to be among the rare treats of the locality. Of these lakes we shall have more to say anon. We are soon called upon to notice a singular rock near the village of Kilmalkin, the former famous for a fight between the Joyces and the O'Flaherties, in which the latter were defeated and their leader slain.

The Beal-na-brack river, with its multitude of picturesque falls, accompanies us nearly all the way; while the mountains, from the base to the summit clad in green, seem to issue invitations to flocks of sheep—which are nowhere to be found; consequently the verdure is produced to perish idly where it grows luxuriantly. A miserable assemblage of cabins next attract the eye, to grieve the heart, and to suggest the very natural question, Does the lord of this land ever give a thought to these wretched hovels and their equally wretched occupants? The attention of the Tourist will soon afterwards be directed to a neat white cottage environed by trees—rarities in this district, for perhaps there is not another group between them and the village of Cong. The cottage is Ashmoreal, the residence of Mr. John Joyce, known all through Connamara and to most tourists by repute as "big Jack Joyce." Big Jack is a peasant, little above the ordinary rank; nevertheless he is understood to be the lineal descendant of the great family—the representative of the fighting men of the West of four centuries at least.

About midway between the hotel and Leenane, the attention of the Tourist will be directed to the remains of an ancient Cahir, or hill-fort, crowning a small (and perhaps artificial) hill. It is now but a ring of broken stones. But in reference to it a friend sends us the following communication:—

"On a Sabbath morning, during the summer of 182—, I was a pedestrian in the kingdom of Connamara; the track (for roads had not then found their way so far west) lay through some of the wildest and most picturesque scenery of our Irish highlands. Dark mountains shut in on almost every side one of those lovely valleys through which rushes the stream of 'Beal-na-brack,' or the Trout's Mouth, as it bursts its way through copse and rock and glen, to join the blue waters of Lough Corrib. By this streamlet's side, raised but a few feet above the surface, there stood the mossy stones of one of the oldest ruins in the west country—the remains of a banquet-hall and a chapel: the former memorable in tradition as having been the scene of many a Bardic meeting; the latter sacred as the only spot for twenty miles around where the

service of the Roman Catholic Church was performed. Many hundreds of the peasantry were grouped along the sides of the mound on which the cross of the old chapel stood. The wind was so still, it moved not the tapers that were lighting on the rude stone altar. The officiating priest, a venerable St. Omers of the days gone by, had raised above his head the consecrated wafer, which the whole congregation, uncovered and bowed to the earth, received with one long and loud 'Mille Failte Criosd na Slanaightheoir,' 'A thousand welcomes, Christ our Saviour,' that broke from every lip, and rang through that peaceful and secluded dell. This form of out-door worship has passed from among us. This rare Salutation of the Host is now almost extinct. The old altar has been removed to an ugly, ill-constructed chapel in the vicinity. A part of the antique cross decorates the studio of an antiquary; and the very foundation stones of the Bardic Hall have macadamized the adjoining road,—

' Quench'd are our beacon lights!'"

We now arrive within ken of a new "set" of mountains, the principal of which are Letter and Muilrea. They are on the opposite side of the arm of the sea, which runs up among the Killeries; and Delphi, famed for its beauty, lies between them.

The river now is on the right hand. It becomes broader without losing its wild character, and so makes its way into Killery Bay.

The approach to this rendezvous of tourists is heralded by the appearance of venders of Connamara stockings. They come in "thick battalions." A purchase from one brings the attacks of a score; and it is hard to resist the appeals of want seconded as they are by industry. The best way is to make purchases from all; the results will be very useful afterwards to humble dependants at home; and a dozen shillings may here make two dozen of persons happy. We assure our readers that "Connamara stockings," or socks, are exceedingly soft and warm, composed of pure unadulterated wool; the wool of those little mountain sheep, which are even of greater value than the goats we have mentioned. Men's long stockings can be obtained for eighteen pence, or one shilling a pair; socks for eightpence, or even sixpence, if persons can be found to give no more. A professional knitter knits with extraordinary rapidity, and often without looking at her work: thus she trots from cabin to cabin, and

the itinerant knitter, a woman who has no home of her own, if she is quick and clever at her calling, makes out a very good living. She will "go on a visit," for two or three months in "the bad times," or "a hard summer,"



THE KNITTER.

to a neighbouring farmer, and knit out her board and lodging, stealing an hour betimes to keep "feet on herself," or to knit a pair for some poor "Christian" or pilgrim—"that have no time to do it for themselves, on account of the hours they spend making their soul." The knitter has inva-

riably a store of superstitions, and both old and new tales, and sings songs old ballads it does the heart good to hear, thrilling with the wild, earnest



KNITTERS.

power o' Irish harmony—and in the mountain passes it is not unlikely you hear her wild melody long before you overtake her, as she goes, though long past the morning of life, straight as an arrow, and with a brisk mountain step, from one village or solitary house to another.

Nearly all the women of Connamara are knitters; and the Tourist may be assured that, from the beginning of his tour to the end of it,—at every place where a pause is to be made,—there will be attacks upon his purse and his sympathy. May he be liberal of both! Maria Edgeworth once observed to us that "in Ireland, happiness is always cheap:" so it is: easy to give, and easy to receive.

At Leenane there is a poor Inn, of which travellers are sometimes compelled to avail

themselves; but a better is in preparation; and of a surety it will "answer" if it be conducted upon even reasonably good principles; for Leenane is a very desirable resting place: it is not only on the high road from Clifden to Westport, between which towns an admirable car of Bianconi's travels daily; but it is in the midst of the leading beauties of Connamara—within a walk of Erive, of the Killeries, of Kylemore, and Salruc.



ERE, if the traveller design to progress northwards, he will have to leave Connamara, and enter the high road that leads to Westport—and this is a course which many persons take: that is to say, they retrace their steps from Maam into the high road to Clifden, go round the coast, and arriving at Leenane, lose only that part of the tour which lies between Leenane and Maam—the eight miles we have described.

We entreat the Tourist to bear this in mind: for by-and-by, we shall require him to journey with us northwards—to Westport, to Newport, and to the wild scenery around Clew Bay, or even to the still more savage districts of Erris and Tyrawly—thence to Dublin: or if the tour is to be prolonged, thence to Donegal and the Giant's Causeway.

At present, however, we must ask him to accompany us coast-ways to Clifden: by the Killeries, and Kylemore.

Immediately after leaving Leenane, we commence a gradual ascent which soon supplies us with fine views of the mountains and dales—the magnificent scenery that surrounds Killery Bay. But a limited view landward, can be obtained; attention will, however, be directed to the "Fishery" established by Mr. Plunket, at the head of the harbour: and it is not improbable that some such incident as that pictured on the following page, will arrest the progress of the Tourist. We witnessed it on crossing the harbour to Bundurragh, where a group of the peasantry were watching the fishermen taking salmon.

A good haul of salmon is perhaps as spirited and enlivening a scene as any in the fisheries. Men, women, and children, were assembled; all looking with anxiety for the contents of the net: those not actually engaged in hauling, just perching themselves on the rocks that strew the borders of this romantic arm of the sea. The men, with their pipes stuck in the hats, pulled away at the net until the fish were brought to the surface of the water, and closed by the meshes in a very narrow space. The brilliancy and beauty of the salmon, and their spirited plunges for liberty, gave animation to the scene, imparting an equal amount of "movement" to the fishers, who, arming themselves with thick bludgeons, commenced an indiscriminate attack upon the unfortunate

fish, dealing heavy blows upon their heads and rendering them senseless, as their blood tinged the waters. When they were sufficiently "quieted" by this process, they were thrown into the boat brought-to beside the strand, and



HAUL OF SALMON.

sorted and carried away by the boys and women in attendance. .The wildness of the scene, the "picturesque raggedness" and simplicity of the fishermen and females, and the earnestness with which all were engaged, formed a peculiarly animated scene.*

Resuming the road, we soon reach a rude hut where lives the fisherman who is to row you across the bay to visit—Delphi, one of the lions of the district. You can, from the shore on which you are standing, have some idea of the lonely grandeur of this romantic dell.

* "The fishery on this coast would, I have no doubt, give employment to the whole population, if properly conducted, and if sufficient capital were forthcoming."—WHITE.

It will be well, however, if time be of less value than pleasure, to cross the harbour in one of the boats; and the probabilities are you will obtain the aid of a boatman, who is a good guide—although the one we have here pictured, famous in Connamara for fifty years, died some years ago.



CONNAMARA BOATMAN.

The road to Delphi from the strand, leads through a fertile valley, upon which mountains on either side look down, and through which runs a fine river, literally crowded with salmon, that are often leaping merrily above the surface. On the sides of the hills there are few cottages—"few and far between." The lake of Delphi is reached after a delicious walk of about a mile. It is a lonely spot, deeply sunk in the midst of mountains; on one side of it stands a small cottage ornée, built by the Marquis of Sligo, and surrounded by a plantation of trees. It is now inhabited by the Rev. Mr. Plunket. It is called,

however, a "cottage ornée" only by courtesy; or it may be so considered in comparison with the miserable hovels by which it is environed.



DELPHI,

If you can extend your walk through this wild district, you will be amply repaid; but it is probable that you will re-enter the boat, after a brief glance around you, and resume your route. Soon, you pass a bridge, Bunowen, that crosses a mountain torrent, and about this spot you obtain the finest view of Killery Bay and the mountains that look down upon it from all sides, except that which opens to the sea; "open" it does not, however, for one of the islands at its mouth—the island of Inisherk—shuts it in, and gives to it the character

of a long and narrow lake, from which the exit is a brawling river, instead of the broad Atlantic.*

From the road-point of the ascent, at which, be sure, your car will stop,



KILLERY BAY.

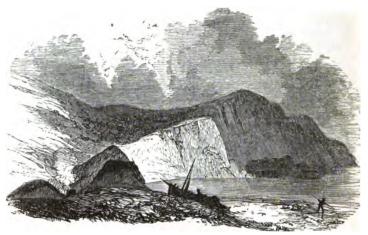
 "Here and there, as each ascent is gained, the distant views of almost innumerable lakes, dotted with islands, and bounded by abrupt and well-defined hills, open out prospects of surpassing magnificence."—T. C. Fostza.

"The scenery is of the most varied and attractive character: one has glimpses of a hundred beautiful and striking scenes on land and sea—climbing up high steeps, and then descending into deep valleys, skirting and rounding deep inlets of the sea; and still, calm, freshwater lakes; and now and then catching peeps into the long solitary valleys and deep hollows that lie in the heart of the mountains.

"For many miles I travelled through a succession of most striking scenery, by the margin of lakes, lying in the very heart of the mountains, which are in many places precipitous—everywhere of the most picturesque forms; here and there lofty enough and rugged enough to verge upon sublimity, and which never degenerated into tameness of outline or insignificance in elevation. The scenes were generally of a solitary character: for few cattle or sheep were on the mountain sides: the curlew and the plover only were on the margin of the lakes; and the bouques of heaths was reserved for the wild bee."—Indis' Tour.

the sublime view is all taken in at a glance; the mountain-rocks enclosing it on either side, the mighty hills towering over them, and still further back the lofty Muilrea * looking down upon a combination of sea-glories, such as defy description.

Mr. Fairholt's sketch (on the preceding page) was taken from the road-side; behind us was a range of mountains; more distant were the "Twelve Pins"—the "Connamara Alps," seen from all points, and under every conceivable variety; and at our feet was a deep valley leading down to the shore.† And



SHORE AT KILLERY BAY.

of its peculiar character, some idea may be formed from this copy of the sketch of Mr. Evans. It exhibits the beach and the immediate headlands, with the low but of the fisherman nestling among the crags. But to render

^{* &}quot;Muilrea is the highest mountain in the West of Ireland, being 2,688 feet above the level of the sea."—WRITE.

^{† &}quot;After passing through a somewhat more open country, I suddenly dropped down upon the Killery. The Killery is a narrow deep inlet of the sea, reaching far up into the country, and bounded on both sides, and throughout its whole extent, by a range of mountains nearly as elevated, and of as picturesque forms, as any in Ireland. It may easily be conceived how great the attractions of this scene must be. It is of an entirely novel character; and resembles more the scenery of a Norwegian Fiord, than anything I know nearer home."—Inglis' Tour.

justice to this glorious scenery is impossible, either by his pencil or by our pen. It must be seen to be even in a slight degree appreciated. And surely it would largely repay the visitor—even if access to it were far more difficult.*

In advance of "the Pins" is Kylemore Hill; overlooking the Pass and Lake: Diamond Hill—so called because the "Irish diamonds" are found there—is also a conspicuous object from this point; while to the left is Lesoughter Hill, one of the hills that keep guard over the Loughs Inagh and Derryclere.

A little further on, and we reach Lough Fee; the road to the right conducts to the famous Pass of Salruc; that to the left to the Pass of Kylemore: assuredly both Passes should be seen, for the character of each is as opposite as can well be to that of the other; the one giving birth and movement to a lake and river; the other leading to its sole exit, the ocean.

Visit, therefore, Salruc first.

The Pass derives its name from a certain Saint—Saint Rock or Ruc—who is said to have resided in a cell at the foot of the mountain. It is a precipitous defile, leading from the bay on this side to the Killeries on the other side of the mountain, and is reported to have been formed by the Saint and the Devil during a struggle for mastery. The sanctity of the Saint having grievously annoyed the Tempter, he threw a chain over him while asleep; unable to bear the sight of his glance or the mark of the cross, he leaped to the opposite side of the mount, but still held fast the Saint by the chain—the friction produced by the struggle formed this pass, and the victorious Saint in the morning had the felicity to see a way for travelling Pilgrims much shorter than any that had previously existed. It is exceedingly steep and perilous, yet fishermen bring loaded horses up it, and it has been the favourite route of the peasantry for ages. Rude heaps of stone, similar to those already described in the vicinity

^{* &}quot;Nothing can be finer than the mountain scenery all around. When you are in the middle of the bay you seem locked in on every side, and were it not for the smell and colour, and vegatation peculiar to the sea—the incomparable sea—you would imagine you were on a mountain lake; but there is scarcely any lake that has not a flat, tame end, generally that where the superabundant waters flow off and form a river; but here nothing was tame—on every side the magnificent mountains seemed to vie with each other which should catch and keep your attention most. Northwards, the Fenamore mountains—the Partree range to the east—Maamture to the south—a little more to the south-west, the sparkling cones of the Twelve Pins of Benabola—then, a little more to the west, the Renvyle mountain—and off to the north of that again, the monarch of the whole amphitheatre, Muilrea, with its cap of clouds that it has caught, and anon flings fitfully off, as much as to say, I am the great cloud-conveller of Europe, and not one of you, ye proud rangers of the sky, shall come from the banks of Newfoundland without paying me tribute."—Ter Rev. Crear Offwar.



PASS OF SALRIE

of Cong, are ranged along its sides; a burial-place, thickly planted with trees, being at the base of the mountain, on the site of the Saint's cell. From the summit of the pass (which from this point abruptly descends on both sides)

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the view has been taken, exhibiting the bay far beneath, the bright green waters of the Atlantic at the extremity; the view being bounded by the picturesque islands beyond.



SALRUC.

There are few human habitations in this wild neighbourhood; and but one gentleman's house within a circuit of many miles. Just at the entrance to a little bay, completely shut out from the world, surrounded by stupendous mountains through which a road has been formed by almost incredible labour, resides, with his family, General Thompson—a veteran officer, native of Scotland, who after having passed through the whole of the continental war, and taken part in nearly every battle fought in the Peninsula, has retired from active and honourable service to pass the remainder of his days in this primitive district. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than between his past life and his present; and it would not be easy to picture a healthier or a happier household than his. Under his superintending care, a little paradise has grown up among the barren rocks. All his arrangements seem to have been conducted with generous and considerate zeal for the welfare of the tenants, who are gathering about him. He has reclaimed land, encouraged

fishing, established schools, having due regard to education; and is, in short, the benefactor of a rising colony.* Of another interesting point of view in



SALRUC.

this singular district, we procured an engraving: from Doone Hill (pictured on the opposite page), as will be imagined, the prospect is inexpressibly grand; and its beauty is enhanced by the sight of the little church and the schools which have recently sprung up in this wild and primitive district.

Let the Tourist resume the car he has left,—for he has walked to Salruc,—and in a few minutes he will be resting at the Inn at the head of Kylemore Lough. This Hotel, unfurnished and uncomfortable though it was in 1852, may be furnished and comfortable by this time; it ought to be so, for it is admirably

^{* &}quot;I need hardly say that there is a school at Salruc, admirably conducted and well attended. Besides the food of the mind, a portion of stirabout is administered daily by the schoolmaster to the little ones; and I enjoyed much witnessing this operation on a fine day in the open air. The children held out all sorts of vessels to receive this pittance; shells answered for spoons wherever they were too civilized to use their fingers."—Connings in Connanca.

situated, and may be an attractive lure to travellers to "rest, and be thankful!" It is nearly midway between Clifden and Leenane; within a walk of Salruc, and distant but about four miles from the foot of Lough Inagh; moreover there is a "sort of" road hence to the main road between Oughterard and



DOONE HILL, NEAR SALRUC.

Clifden, joining it at "Flyn's Half-way House." Especially let it be remembered, there are few lakes in Connamara better stored with trout; and that a boat is kept for the use of the angler.* It will be, therefore, unpardonable to leave this Hotel, with its many advantages, half furnished, naked

* "To the lover of the angle there is, perhaps, no part of the United Kingdom where so much sport is likely to be afforded as in Connamara. All the lakes abound with fish, particularly trout and salmon. Gentlemen living in the neighbourhood told me some marvellous stories respecting the quantity of fish which expert anglers have taken in some of these lakes in the course of a day's fishing."—White's Tour in Connamara.

Mr. Daniel, in his work on Rural Sports, says, "The pike in Lough Corrib are of immense size; so are the perch: of the former, one of the great weight of sixty-eight pounds, and of the latter, one of nine pounds, were taken."

and cheerless; and we hope its proprietor has taken care to alter its aspect and character, in accordance with what he stated to be his "intention." The lake and pass are among the finest things in Connamara. The Pass of Kylemore is scarcely less grand than that of Dunloe, in Kerry, or that of Barnesmore, in Donegal, but it possesses a beauty peculiarly its own. This "gap" in the mountains extends for about three miles, forming a deep dell all the way, through which runs a rapid river. The sides of the hills are in many places clothed with trees, and here and there a waterfall is heard or seen among them, while the rushing stream that supplies it may be traced from the heights far above.



KYLEMORE.

After passing Kylemore and its Lough, we reach Lough Poul na Coppul, at the foot of Diamond Hill. Between the two Loughs we encounter "a bit of Killarney," some refreshing trees and underwood clothing the hill-sides. The attention of the Tourist will here be directed to a group of green fields, or corn-fields, or fields planted with vegetables, as the case may be: cultivation having been forced upon the bogs by the enterprise of an English gentleman farmer. Unhappily for him, and, perhaps, for the country, he selected about

the worst piece of land in the district; so, at least, we were told by competent authority. "Good luck attend him," and all who work for Ireland in Ireland. Soon we pass Tullaree Bridge, over a rapidly rusing river, and come in view of Letter Mountain, which overlooks the village of Tully and the charming shores of Renvyle.* Tully is a poor village, but most beautifully situated on the northern



BRIDGE AT TULLY.

point of a small peninsula situate between the harbours of Ballinahill and Killery, but much to the west of the latter,—indeed on the brink of the Atlantic. It stands upon the summit of a hill, under which a lengthened slope of land, easily made arable, runs down into the sea.

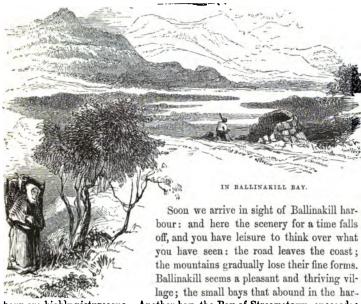
- * Renvyle is—or rather was (for we understand the ancient and honourable family, like that of the D'Arcys, has been removed from its place), the residence for centuries of THE BLAKES—once foremost among the lords of Connamara. It was to members of this family that the world was, some thirty years ago, indebted for a very charming and useful volume, "Letters from the Irish Highlands."
- + During the rebellion of 1641-2, Colonel Edmond O'Flaherty had taken part with the rebels: he had attacked and destroyed the castle of an Englishman named Ward, and with the murder of this man he was subsequently charged. "A party of soldiers was despatched to Jar Connaught, in pursuit of the accused. After a long and fruitless search, they were returning; passing beside a small dark wood near Renvyle, their attention was attracted by the unusual noise and croaking of ravens hovering in the air towards the centre of the wood. On arriving at the spot over which the birds continued on the wing, the soldiers discovered a cavity in the rock, from which they drew forth a miserable-looking man, who was soon recognised as the unfortunate object of

Soon we arrive at a scene that will startle all who are not prepared for it. The Tourist sees among the profitless wastes that surround him on all sides, a picture of rural beauty and fertility, such as may be found in one of the tranquil valleys of England. It is the farm of Mr. Ellis, a member of the Society of "Friends," who settled here some four years ago, having faith in what he might do,—and what he has done! It would be apart from the plan of our book to enter at any length into matters concerning this beautiful, and in the best sense of the term, glorious settlement. We cannot suppose that as a mere "speculation" it has answered; but if it be "a large per centage upon capital," not only to convert useless soil into productive land, but to make happy the wretched, and prosperous the miserable, to displace ignorance by knowledge, to teach charity and to inculcate peace by examples of generosity and love,—to make, in short, the moral and physical desert to "blossom as the rose," then, indeed, has Mr. Ellis put out his money to good interest: and he has his reward!

Look at his house, his outhouses, his school, the "shop," not far off, which, under his protection, furnishes the district with everything needful, and all good at just prices; look at the pretty plantations rising up about him—at the green slopes, the rich herbage, where feed his sheep: estimate, in a word, the beauty of contrast,—and pray that many such as Mr. Ellis may be moved to cast their lot, as he has done, in Ireland,—to bear testimony as he does to the tranquillity of the country, the peaceable disposition of its inhabitants, the grateful and affectionate attachment of dependents, the security in which he lives, and the happiness and prosperity he is disseminating.*

their pursuit. With him they found a poorly-attired and emaciated female, who afterwards proved to be his wife, the daughter of Sir Christopher Garvey, of Selmich, in the county of Mayo. 'And truly who had seen them would have said they had been rayther ghosts than men, for pittfully looked they, pyned away for lacke of foode, and altogether ghastlie for feare.'" He was subsequently tried and executed at Galway.

^{*&}quot;Letterfrack a few years ago was a barren rock; it is now a crown of beauty. It was a region of haggard looks and walking skeletons; it is now animated by a well-looking, a well-feed, and a well-paid peasantry. The human mind had sunk down into a low dwarfishness, similar to that marking the deteriorated bodies of the people. There is now its liberation, by degrees, through the medium of its only suitable food, the knowledge of secular, but especially of religious truth. Formerly the poor had no market nearer than Clifden, or even Westport, twenty-six miles off! But now there are provisions and goods of every description, which, at a moderate price, without loss of time and labour, they can readily buy. Formerly the soil refused to the indolent spade the riches it possessed; but now, as we were witnesses, the land gives forth a liberal increase. Formerly the wild scene in nature was unrelieved by the hand of art; it is not



bour are highly picturesque. Another bay, the Bay of Streamstown, succeeds: and so you drive into Clifden.

The town of Clifden owes its existence to the late John D'Arcy, Esq., the lord of the adjacent district, and his son and successor, Hyacinth D'Arcy, now "the Reverend." They adopted the wisest and surest means to render it an

so now. The dwelling-house, surrounded with garden and grounds, is beautifully situated. Lofty mountains are immediately behind it, and the ocean, in all its greatness, lies uncovered before it. Upon a summer's evening, by means of the open doorway of the villa, or through its silent drawing-room windows, the sweet chimes of the waves are distinctly heard. From Boston, from Newfoundland, or from Labrador, they mingle their voices on the sea-beach, in perpetual music; altogether, the scene is one of much interest, at this far-off point of the world, and is highly creditable to its enterprising owner. It is, indeed, a gem, speaking with sufficient modesty, in the midst of surrounding rock; an oasis crowning the bold and magnificent mountain wild with the most striking effect of contrast and variety, altogether 'won' by money and skill, from Nature's uncultivated waste. It is, in fact, a specimen of the manner in which feudal neglect can give way at the approach of honest enterprise and a cultivated refinement."—The Rev. J. D. Smythe: "Consumers. Past and Present."

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important sea-port of the West. It is beautifully situated; mountains surround it on all sides, except to the west, where it is open to the Atlantic, standing at the head of a small bay. Here one of the rapid hill rivers makes its way into the ocean, presenting a fine "fall" a little outside the town. It is so near the congregation of dwellings, indeed, that the rush of waters mingles with the voices of its inhabitants; yet, turning from the houses, it seems as lonely in its grandeur as if in the centre of untrodden hills.



WATERFALL AT CLIFDEN.

The waterfall is certainly the most picturesque and beautiful thing in the neighbourhood. The fall of the river is very peculiar; it takes its course from the Twelve Pins, and passing through a triple-arched bridge of antique character, suddenly falls at a right angle over a mass of rocks, breaking and sparkling in a thousand eddies, and whirling off at another angle through the bridge depicted in the engraving. The prison crowns the neighbouring height, its castellated form aiding the scene, which has a very imposing look. The scene is one of surpassing loveliness and grandeur, rivalling in both qualities many of more

celebrated "continental" scenes—those fortunate rivals of equally deserving, but neglected, native beauties.

In the year 1815, Clifden contained but one house; there are now about four hundred houses, with two comfortable hotels. In 1814, Clifden and a large tract of adjoining country yielded no revenue whatever; in 1835, it yielded a revenue of £7,000. Its export trade (in corn) is considerable, and its import trade must be of importance, as it is the market for a large population. The roads from Oughterard to Clifden, and from Clifden to Westport, were not commenced until 1822. It has its police-station, its school-house, its post-office, a dispensary, a fever-hospital, a good court-house, and a "poor-house." The quay was erected by Mr. Nimmo, and vessels of two hundred tons burthen can discharge their cargoes there. "The foundation of this town," writes Mr. Inglis, "never cost the founder a shilling. He pointed out the advantages that would accrue to this remote neighbourhood from having a town and a sea-port so situated; and he offered leases for ever, of a plot of ground for building, together with four acres of mountain-land at but a short distance from the proposed site, at twenty-five shillings per annum. This offer was most advantageous, even leaving out of account the benefit that would necessarily be conferred by a town in a district where the common necessaries of life had to be purchased thirty miles distant, and where there was no market and no means of export for agricultural produce: so the town of Clifden was founded, and grew."

Clifden Castle, formerly the residence of the proprietor of the district, is within a mile and a half of the town; it is a modern castellated mansion, in the midst of beautiful and magnificent scenery. It was built by the late Mr. D'Arcy from his own designs.* Taste and judgment were displayed in the

^{* &}quot;Let no traveller," writes Mr. Inglis, "be in the neighbourhood without visiting Clifden Castle. The walk from Clifden by the water side is perfectly lovely, and the distance is not greater than two miles; the path runs close by the brink of a long narrow inlet of the sea, the banks of which on both sides are rugged and precipitous. Mountain and wood rise behind, and a fine sloping lawn in front reaches down to the beautiful land-locked bay; while to the right the eye ranges over the ocean until it mingles with the far and dim horizon." Mr. D'Arcy "found it a morass, he left it a lovely oasis amid the desert which still surrounds it. Every yard of earth, every tree had its history. The house, the verdant lawns, the shady woods, and thick shrubberies, were all planned and executed by him; years of thought and anxious toil had passed over his head; and now that the results began to be developed in all their beauty and completeness, he was obliged to quit the scene of many proud and happy days, and leave to strangers the enjoyment of his labours."—The Saxon in Ireland.

structure and in laying out the grounds; and the visitor will find it difficult to believe that less than thirty years ago the whole of this now interesting and adorned region was a cheerless and useless bog. We partook of the proverbial hospitality of the family. Old custom continues, in its present representative, the habit, formerly rendered necessary by the absence of all other means by which the tourist could obtain rest and food: for not many years ago there was no inn throughout the whole district to open its willing doors to the traveller; but then he stood in need of no other introduction than that he was a stranger: his home was pre-arranged in the house of any gentleman of Galway.*

At the schools established in Clifden, and under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. D'Arcy, religion is not inculcated without the necessary duties of cleanliness and labour; unhappily, little employment can be found for the boys—they are compelled to remain idle—there is but little soil to till—and there are no manufactures to give them occupation; but the girls are all employed—from the very young, so young as six or seven years, up to the elder pupils, each has an embroidery frame, and each earns something, from, it may be, fourpence a-week, to three or even four shillings. This vast benefit to the district arose out of the famine.†

"Behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face."

^{*} The above passage refers to our visit to Clifden in 1844; since then circumstances have changed with the ancient family of the "D'Arcys;" unhappily the fair estate has passed away from them; they own, we believe, no single acre of the thousands that for centuries called them lords. The property was sold under the "Sequestrated Estates Act," and is now owned by strangers. When his worldly possessions faded from him, Mr. Hyacinth D'Arcy took orders: and the Bishop of the Diocese was happy soon afterwards in having the opportunity to present to him the living of his own town. No gentleman in Ireland is more universally respected: the mildness and christian gentleness of his mind and manners endear him to all: the Church of Ireland is fortunate in having so pure an advocate in a district where a combination of firmness and charity is most especially needed. The Rev. Mr. D'Arcy is not only happy in the esteem and respect of all classes: he enjoys the enviable consciousness that his changed circumstances have resulted from no reckless extravagance; but purely from the effort to do good universally to all around him, and to improve the social condition of the people whom Providence had placed under his superintending care. If Clifden has grown into a prosperous port out of a poor cluster of cabins, and the district is developing its vast resources, under the stimulus of capital, and the D'Arcys have consequently become in the world's estimate "fallen,"—we are very sure if the representative of the honoured and honourable race could reverse the picture and become rich by rendering Connamara poor, he would remain as he is. Every visitor to Ireland who is "right" in mind and heart, will bow the head in token of respect as he passes the humble domicile of the D'Arcys in the street of Clifden town.

^{† &}quot;Sir C. Trevelyan remarks, in his brilliant essay, entitled, The Irish Crisis, 'Unless we are much deceived, posterity will trace up to this famine the commencement of a salutary revolution

In the memorable year 1848, "the Belfast Ladies Relief Association" exerted itself, with great success, to promote the establishment of industrial schools throughout the West, in which young women and girls were taught the sewing of muslin and other kinds of needlework. They granted 500% for this holy purpose, "provided a like sum should be collected from other quarters;" it was obtained, and within a very short period no less a sum than 1,000% found its way into these wild districts, sowing the seeds of industry, cleanliness, comfort, and virtue. Before a year was out, the Association reported, that, "as the scourge of hunger and disease was in a good degree abated, they had begun to advance materials for manufacture, at first cost, with a view of qualifying the young females of Connaught to become independent members of society through their own industry; that they were bearing the losses of first attempts at learning; were providing markets for the manufactured goods; had sent ten teachers from Ulster to Connaught." And in 1851 they had sent into Connaught 60 female teachers, and introduced "remunerative industry into 70 districts, having secured to poor females who formerly earned nothing, wages to the amount of 7,500l. a-year! *

The blessing of God and man cannot fail to await these efforts of true charity; no matter what may be the reader's creed, we are sure he will peruse with intense delight the following passage from an Address of the Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Belfast, a clergyman who has been for many years foremost in every good work, and who, having long been a labourer in the vineyard of Ulster, has happily turned his attention to the sterile wilderness of the West:—

"We found our scholars in abject poverty, many of them orphans and common beggars, having neither knowledge nor opportunity for helping themselves; we have secured for them the means of earning their bread, instead of being shut up in the workhouse; we feed the hungry, and clothe the naked; we make daughters, who were a burden to their parents, their principal

in the habits of a nation long singularly unfortunate, and will acknowledge that on this, as on many other occasions, Supreme Wisdom has educed permanent good from transient evil.'

[&]quot;This visitation of Providence has, at least, directed attention more closely to the state of the country, and it is not unreasonable to hope that most beneficial results will ensue therefrom."—
WHITE.

^{*} With few exceptions, all the scholars are of the very poorest class; 15 pupils in one school were common beggars, of 63 girls in one school, 42 are orphans, and of 83 in another, only 13 have both parents living.

support; not by a cold and thankless charity, which enervates and degrades, but by an honest independent industry, which cultivates good dispositions and habits, which spreads a healthful happy influence, and perpetuates inestimable blessings from mother to child.

"The blessing, however, which, above all others, we wish to bestow and perpetuate, is the saving knowledge of God's most blessed word. The want of this is our wretched country's greatest want, and the possession of it would reform her people, heal her wounds, and make her prosperous, good, and great, Of this we have delightful proof in the pupils of all our schools; their appearance is improved; their manners, habits, dispositions, morals, are improved; the families with which they are connected, the neighbourhoods in which they live, are improved: we make proselytes for no particular church, we teach no peculiar principles of any one denomination of Protestants; but we act as pioneers for all; we teach, in love, the simple truth of the Bible; we open young Romish understandings and hearts for the unprejudiced reception of Scriptural truth; we break up the way for the missionary of the Cross; and, in not a few cases, as we have reason to hope, the instructions and example of our pious teachers and patronesses have been blessed for the salvation of some, who are now for ever gone, and of others, who are with us still.

"Our system, thus blessing and blessed, is maintained at moderate expense; we train hands, the manufacturer employs them; we produce work, the merchant sells it; but those whom we train are paupers, and it is surely better to pay a trifle for teaching them a trade, and thus make them independent, than to leave them neglected, and thus have them as a burden and nuisance for life."

We have stated that there are two good hotels at Clifden: they are large, and for town inns convenient and comfortable. Together they make up between fifty and sixty beds. There are also lodging-houses at hand; and the Tourist consequently need be under no apprehension here that he will be without a place of rest. Still, even in this case, it will be well to give orders for accommodation a day or two before arrival, either to Mr. Carr (the principal inn), or to Mr. Hart of the other hotel.*

* Tourists will here have introduced to their notice various small matters, brooches, crosses, bracelets, studs, &c. &c., made of the beautiful green Connamara marble: they are well made; and by no means bad specimens of art: it will not be difficult to take from Clifden some agreeable

ROCEEDING from Clifden—back to Oughterard, for that must be his course,—the Tourist will either take the direct road, or verging westward a few points, visit Ballynahinch, distant eight miles, and join the main road at Glendalough. He will not, however, be presented with any very new

features of the locality; although it cannot fail to interest him to visit the wild district over which the Martins held almost regal sway for centuries.

" Where Dick Martin ruled The houseless wilds of Connamara."

By this road—to Ballynahinch—we shall conduct him. We pass Clifden, or Ardbear Bay, a very lovely little harbour. The "Twelve Pins," the great



VIEW AMONG THE "TWELVE PINS."

objects of mountain interest in Connamara, are beheld from every point of view,—varied into all conceivable forms. They are beside us to the left memorials of the county and the tour. The producers of these graceful toys are three brothers of the name of Robins: they are industrious and respectable men: and are, we rejoice to say, making a thriving trade: they quarry the marble chiefly in the hill above Recess, grind, cut, and polish it all themselves.

along the whole of the road; while to the right, every now and then, the prospect opens on the bold Atlantic, seen between breaks in the green hills that guard the rugged shores. As the crow would fly, the distance is perhaps six or eight miles—but what human foot has ever taken "the short cut" over these seemingly impassable mountains? O that some enterprising tourist, with leisure to explore, courage to endure, and constitution to bear, would make his way among them; sure we are he might laugh to scorn all descriptions of the glories of Connamara by those who travel only its beaten tracks.

These mountains and glens were for centuries the favoured resort of Poteendistillers (Poteen is, translated literally, "a small pot"); and amid these fastnesses it was utterly impossible for the law to reach them. Indeed, attempts to do so were rarely made; the efforts of the gauger being directed almost entirely to arresting them on their way with their commodity into the neighbouring towns. As the reader will suppose, many amusing tales are told of the cunning displayed by the peasantry in concealing their manufactures, and in outwitting the revenue officers.* The "distilleries" were of course conducted in the most inaccessible places; places so situated as to command an extensive "look-out" from some point adjacent, but hidden from all eyes except those of the initiated. We have seen one in a cave at the back of a waterfall; the smoke issued through crevices in the rocks, and was very evenly distributed: no suspicion of its existence could have been excited even in those who stood absolutely above the still at full work. Descend a narrow and rugged pathway. and vou encountered a dirty and debauched-looking gang of perhaps half-a dozen, watching the preparation of the liquid poison. We have seen stills, in "old times," in all imaginable positions.

^{*} These anecdotes belong to old times. Twenty years ago, in the length and breadth of the island, there were, at a moderate computation, 50,000 private stills at work; we may now safely assert there are not a hundred of them in all Ireland. In the Fifth Report to the House of Commons of "Commissioners on Fees, Gratuities, &c., in Ireland," 1807, returns are given of seizures during five years—from 1802 to 1806 inclusive; the number of stills seized during that period amounted to 13,439, averaging in number nearly 2,800 a year. It is fair to calculate that not one in twenty was seized. Indeed, according to the evidence there adduced, one-third of the spirits consumed in the country was supplied by unlicensed distilleries—to take no note of the enormous quantity smuggled by connivance through distilleries that were licensed. It was proved to the Commissioners, that in one year duty was evaded by these distilleries to an amount fully equal to that upon which duty was paid by them. Mr. Wakefield—"Ireland Statistical and Political"—estimates that "the entire duty which should have been paid on home-made spirits consumed in Ireland,

The road would be "dull" but for these mountains, and but for the wild furze, the heather, and the mountain breeze, for the chances are that you will not encounter a human being with whom to exchange greeting, or from whom to receive the customary salutation of "God save ye." The country is literally a desert-neither tillage, nor hands to till. Within a mile of Ballynahinch we obtain a distant view of Roundstone, above its fine bay. Ballynahinch, so renowned in Connamara history and story, is a village consisting of about a dozen houses, but there is neither church nor chapel. There is an inn, however, and a clean and comfortable inn; it is used chiefly by anglers, but may be safely recommended to all tourists. A river runs from "The Big Lake" at Ballynahinch house, and joins the sea in Ballynahinch harbour, half a mile or so below the fishery. The fishery is rented—formerly from the Martins, and now from the present London lords of the soil-by Mr. Robertson, a Scotch gentleman, who is very liberal in his treatment to brethren of the angle. They are free to fish for trout anywhere, and for salmon also, under certain reasonable restrictions. He will be a bungler at his craft who does not fill his basket with the former, and kill a leash of the latter, in the course of a season-day. For what a river it is! such as must delight the angler to the very heart's core: so full of deeps and shallows, water-breaks and water-falls, stony beds and gravel bottoms, now narrowing to a thread, now broadening out into a mimic lake, with dry green banks or flat rocky landings upon which to stand and throw the fly. Every square yard of it gives promise of sport—a promise which it rarely fails to realize. Oh! for a long day in later May or early June to walk its bank, "idle time not idly spent," with the healthy breezes from land and sea,—those from the mountains fragrant with heather!

"Ballynahinch" is but a small and, comparatively, a poor house. A few stunted trees grow about it: it looks as if a score of guests could barely find room here. Yet it was here the boundless and reckless hospitality of "the Martins"

amounted to upwards of 2,280,000L per annum; while the duty actually received thereon was little more than 664,000L. The little poteen that is now produced is made by substantial farmers, who, having a superabundant crop of barley, and an inconvenient market for it, and neither the fear of the law nor Father Mathew before their eyes, thus endeavour to turn it to account. Yet so unpopular has the practice become, that we doubt if now-adays any odium would attach to the "informer" who set the gauger on a right scent. The hatred of the people towards the gauger was for a very long period intense. The very name inevitably aroused the worst passions; to kill them was considered anything but a crime; wherever it could be done with comparative safety, he was hunted to the death. His calling is now as safe as that of a postmaster.

sapped and eventually destroyed the most extensive property owned by any untitled gentleman in Europe. Every acre of the land had passed away from the family before the last of the race died in poverty and among strangers. Who will not pause here, and look at the mansion across the lake?—to ponder



BALLYNAHINCH LAKE.

over the destinies of a singular race, founded by one of the troopers of Oliver Cromwell, to expire two centuries afterwards, thus: and what a huge volume of startling incident between!* We must quit a theme suggestive of so many

* The founder of the family of the Martins of Connamara was Richard Martin, of Dangan, near Galway, who received large grants of the confiscated territory of the O'Flaherties, of Jar Connaught. He was a warm partisan of James the Second, and, after the abdication of that prince, "he joined, or rather was obliged to join, the forlorn hope called his Irish army." On the defeat of James, he submitted to King William, and kept his lands. He then petitioned the king, setting forth his desire to improve his property by giving encouragement to all tradesmen and

reflections: it has been dealt with largely by a score of novel writers, who have found it fertile enough. The old gentry of Connamara—where are they? Few or none of them remain. Not only may it be said of the—

"Blakes and O'Donnels whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their country, 'mid strangers to find
That repose which at home they had sought for in vain;"

Time has removed even those whose seats seemed the firmest, and of nearly all of them may it be said, "The places that knew them know them no more." * Yet they

"were of fame, And had been glorious in another day."

And even now, the peasantry speak of the race as the sovereigns of the soil:

"Pride, bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate;
See how the mighty sink into a song!
Can volume, pillar, pile, preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Trandition's simple tongue,
When flattery sleeps with thee, and history does thee wrong?"

It is a charming drive from Ballynahinch to the main road, although little is encountered save mountains, lakes, and peat-bog, and although you are repeatedly startled by the skeletons of ruined villages. The heritors of the Martin estates—the Law Life Assurance Company—have been wholesase

handicraftsmen to settle there: and prays "that said lands may be erected into a manner (manor)." This was accordingly granted by patent dated July 5, 1698, by which the title of all his previous acquisitions was ratifed. Martin, however, was not suffered to remain very quiet in his new possessions. Among the most troublesome of his enemies was Edmund O'Flaherty, surnamed Laider, or the Strong; they had frequent encounters, generally fighting on horseback, sword in hand: Martin, being continually surrounded by his followers, always escaped; while his opponent was frequently obliged to cut his way through them to avoid being overpowered.

The last of the race, a young lady of great ability, died in the United States of America, some three or four years ago, in absolute poverty: she was the author of two or three works of considerable talent—among others, of "Canvassing," published in association with Banim's "Mayor of Windgap." Her misfortunes she inherited: the enormous estate, when it came into her hands, was "nothing worth;" it was sold for a sum insufficient to discharge its "incumbrances." The young "heiress" married—went to America, in a merchant vessel—was prematurely confined on board—there was no medical attendance—no female assistant—and she died soon after landing. This sad story needs no comment: those who look on Ballynahinch will ponder over the reckless career of her predecessors—and the sad fate of their descendant, in every way worthy of a better.

• The Big Lake contains a small ruin, which is popularly called Colonel Martin's Prison (introduced into the engraving of Ballynahinch Lake), and where, it is said, he used to confine any person who was guilty of cruelty to animals. The name of this eccentric gentleman is at all events honourably associated with the Act for Preventing or Punishing Cruelty to Animals—commonly known as "Dick Martin's Act."

clearers; they have driven humanity out of their way: * alas for the miserable thousands who have perished!—and alas for those who, at no distant day, purchasers of these very lands, will look in vain for hands to till them! Much have they had to answer for whose vices—or recklessness hardly less criminal than vice—led to these appalling results.†

"Scourged by famine, from the smiling land The mournful peasant leads his humble band; And while he sinks, without one arm to save, The country blooms—a garden, and a grave."



O many occasions have been suggestive of remarks concerning the attractions which the Irish Lakes—those of Connamara especially—present to the angler, that we gladly avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend (high authority in the matter), in furnishing us with information that may very materially assist the "brethren:" we do not offer apology for trenching so much on the space of the "general reader;" we believe the temptations

to visit Ireland, which arise from this source, will be productive of immense benefit to the country; we believe them to be greater than they are elsewhere in Europe.

THE HURST, WALTON ON THAMES, January 25th, 1853.

My dear Sir,

I GLADLY comply with the wish you have expressed, that I should give you a few "jottings" from my Connamara fishing notes, for your intended publication. I think that a guide to or description of that "land of lakes and streams" would be defective, without some notice of its chief attraction to many English tourists, and without some information as to the best stations and the best seasons

* As we have elsewhere observed, the usual mode of "clearing" is by taking the roofs from the houses and burning them, so that they cannot be replaced: but almost invariably the evicted tenantry haunted the walls, starving and naked as well as houseless, building sheds about the gables; and sheltering in them until pitiless storms and frost drove into the towns such of them as were not dead! Let such details as these come to us from the furthest off of all our colonies, and sympathy will call for meetings and subscriptions in every town of England.

t "In taking a view of this now bleak and inhospitable district from an eminence near the road, I could not help regretting the expatriation of so many thousands of the inhabitants, who by the application of a comparatively small capital, might have found means of employment in the land of their fathers, and increased the power and resources of our common country."—

The Saxon in Ireland.

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for enjoying the glorious sport of salmon and sea-trout fishing, (unrivalled, certainly, in Great Britain,) and without some advice concerning the flies most useful on those waters. As an enthusiastic disciple of the "gentle Izaak," I shall feel great pleasure in communicating the experience I have gained in several visits to the "Far West," not only from a sincere wish to add to the sport of my piscatorial brethren, but because I am most anxious to contribute by every means in my power to induce my countrymen to visit Connamara. They would, I can assure them, have many prejudices removed; and they would, I doubt not, have as good reason as I have had, to feel delighted with the general honesty, and peaceful, obliging dispositions of its inhabitants. I can truly say, that I feel a deep interest in the prosperity of those amongst whom I have spent many happy weeks, and from whom I have received proofs of most pleasing attention and kindness.

My visits to Connamara have been principally to the Ballynahinch district, and it is there that I would most strongly urge my piscatorial brethren to go. From my own experience, I should consider this the best fishing-station in Ireland. There may be *more* salmon at Ballina, and *larger* at Ballyshannon; but for salmon and sea-trout fishing combined, I think no part of Ireland bears the palm from the Ballynahinch district: I will, therefore, describe this more particularly.

If salmon-fishing alone is wanted, spring is the best season to visit Ireland. The fish are larger and more greedy. On the 1st of June, the season for rod fishing may be said to open generally, and if there is water, there can be no better time for salmon-fishing. The sea-trout, however, do not appear in the rivers (I speak more particularly of the Ballynahinch district) till the 20th of June. On that day, almost invariably, these fish begin to arrive in a body, but do not take the fly till after the 29th.

I would advise a fishing party to get to Connamara about the 1st of July. They would then not only have good salmon-fishing, but glorious sport with the white trout; and with a light trout-rod and fine tackle he must be discontented indeed who can grumble at the sport these, the most lively of all fish, will give him.

We will, then, consider our friends safely arrived at Galway on their way to the "far west," and proceeding thence on Bianconi's car. After passing Oughterard they will reach to Flyn's Half-way House, where good fishing may be had in the adjoining lakes: but I should recommend their proceeding to the bridge at the foot of Derry Clare Lake, where they must previously have ordered cars to meet them from McGawley's in Roundstone. These will convey them either to Ballynahinch Castle, late the residence of Mr. Martin, "the King of Galway,"—or they may proceed to Roundstone, three miles further, where they will find excellent accommodation at McGawley's hotel. They will here meet with as civil and obliging a host as ever kept an inn, and one who can describe the glorious doings of the "Fighting Third Brigade" in the Peninsula in a way that will well repay a little drawing out. McGawley was a serjeant for many years under Picton, and

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fights his battles o'er again with a wonderfully graphic power of description. Roundstone is three miles from the fishery, but as an Irish car costs only 5s. a-day, the distance is not very important where good quarters are cared for.

As soon as settled either here, at Ballynahinch Castle, or at Mark Carr's quarters, let a message be immediately sent to secure the services of the best and most obliging fisherman I ever met on any water—Larry Cornely; he will put the party in the way of securing the best sport that can be had, besides providing them with the best flies both for salmon and sea-trout. Having been fortunate in securing this "pink" of fishermen, it will then be necessary to call on Mr. Robertson, the lessee of the fishery, to obtain his permission to fish in the river and lakes. This, I am sure, will never be refused on a proper application, and I can only say that, if they take his fancy, they will leave Connamara thoroughly convinced they have never before met with a kinder friend or a more thorough sportsman. No one can put a fisherman in the way of better sport than he can.

After a few days at the salmon on the Ballynahinch river, (sadly spoilt for fishing by the nearness of the wiers to the salt water, but swarming with fish,) I would recommend the party to take up their quarters at the Derry Clare cottage, where old Pat Hine and his daughter will, if still alive, make them as comfortable as their two rooms will allow. Here, with a stock of a few necessaries for the table, tea, coffee, beer, whisky, &c. &c., brought up from Roundstone, they may enjoy fishing in perfection, either on Derry Clare Lake or on Loch Inagh, and I think I can promise that they shall never be short of fish on their table, at all events. They have the liberty of appropriating all fish caught in the lakes, but the owners of the fishery claim, that all salmon and sea-trout killed in the river below the wiers shall be taken to the fishery-house, and, if wanted, there paid for at the rate of 3d. per lb. for salmon, and 2d. for white trout.

Pat Hine has boats on both lakes, and one of the chief delights in fishing in either is, that after a few drifts for sea-trout, Larry advises you to take your salmon-rod in hand, as you are approaching a good salmon-cast. The swirl in the water and the cleeking of the reel soon proclaim how thoroughly Larry understands his vocation. Thirty pounds of sea-trout is not at all an extraordinary day's sport, with probably a salmon to balance the creel. I have myself, on Loch Inagh, killed to my own rod in seven hours 53 lbs. of sea-trout and two salmon. Many of the white trout weigh $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ and even 5 lbs.; few are killed under 1 lb.

And now for the Flies. Instead of the long list usually filling a fly-book, the summer visitor to Ballynahinch need only be well supplied with the following, dressed on single gut and of various sizes, so as to suit the state of the water. I give my own pet salmon and sea-trout fly first, because I owe them many a creelfull of fish, and they bear my name. The other is called after my good father-in-law, the late Mr. Wright, one of the best fishermen that ever made or threw a fly, and the pleasantest of companions for a fishing trip.

No. 1. RAWSON'S FANCY .- For Sea-Trout.

Body, black or dark mulberry flos silk, well ribbed with silver tinsel, with a turn or two of crimson flos silk at the extreme end of the body.

Legs, black hackle.

Wings, bluish dun from a jay's wing.

Tail, golden pheasant's topping, with silver tinsel under it.

No. 2. RAWSON'S FANCY.-For Salmon.

Tail, golden pheasant's topping.

Body, at tail, silver twist or tinsel, then a few turns of orange flos silk, then the remainder of body black flos silk ribbed with silver tinsel or twist.

Hackle, black (or red sometimes) over all the body. Late in the season, a grouse hackle is good.

Wings, mixed; under wings, a few strands of guinea-fowl, golden pheasant's neck, and one or two of green parrot; outside wings, brown mallard or golden pheasant's tail; the wings may be lighter or darker.

Shoulder, blue jay.

Horns, blue and yellow macaw.

Head, black ostrich herl.

No. 3. Wright's Own.—For Sea-Trout.

Tail, golden pheasant's topping, gold tinsel under.

Body, at tail, two or three turns of crimson flos silk; the rest of the body bright orange flos silk, ribbed well with golden tinsel.

Legs, grouse hackle.

Wings, mixed; of golden pheasant's neck, teal, and green paroqueet, each two or three strands, for under wings; brown mallard wings over.

Horns, blue and yellow macaw.

No. 4. WRIGHT'S OWN.—For Salmon.

Tail, golden pheasant's topping, gold twist under.

Body, at tail, a few turns of blue flos silk; the rest of the body dark golden orange flos silk, ribbed with gold twist or tinsel.

Hackle, black over all the body, or grouse hackle.

Wings, mixed; under wings, a few strands of guinea-fowl, golden pheasant's neck, and one or two of green parrot; outside wings, brown mallard or golden pheasant's tail. The wings may vary in colour, being lighter or darker.

Shoulder, blue jay.

Horns, blue and yellow macaw.

Head, black ostrich herl.

With the above flies sport may be had if the fish will rise at anything.

A few miles from Derry Clare are the Gowla Lakes, which for quantity and size of sea-trout beat, if possible, even my two pet lakes, Derry Clare and Loch Inagh. They are well worth a visit. They have no salmon, however. The same flies will kill, but I have also found the following, called after a brother fisherman, very good:—

No. 5. WILLINK'S FAVOURITE.

Tail, green parrot.

Body, deep blue mohair, ribbed with ailver twist.

Legs, bustard.

Wings, argus pheasant.

Before leaving Roundstone, let the fisherman try his hand at Whiting Pollock fishing in the bay. A very stiff ash rod of twelve feet, strong whipcord line, on which are fastened eight or ten large salmon flies tied on treble or six-fold gut, with a bullet about a foot beyond the last fly, are all the tackle required. Let the line run out astern of the boat, and when a strike and a tug have been felt for each fly, reel in and take off your fish. Many will run above 121bs, none under 4 lbs., and three or four hundred may often be taken in a day. I need not say how welcome such a haul will be to the poor fellows in the neighbourhood.

I think I have now given a few of the most useful hints for the fishing in this part of Connamara, but before leaving this my favourite fishing district, I would assure my brother anglers that they can go nowhere where a fishing trip will cost them so little. Besides cheap travelling, the living is very moderate. In the mountains, a sheep, skin and all, may be got for 10s.; lobsters at Roundstone 2s. 6d. a-dozen; chickens 4d. each, and eggs 2d. a-dozen. With such aids to the commissariat, a man must be a gourmand indeed, who cannot live well at a cheap cost.

At Ballina, splendid salmon-fishing is to be had on the Moy, which runs through the town. Permission is easily obtained, and Pat Hearns, a good and attentive fisherman, will show all the best casts and supply the needful flies. These are too numerous for me to describe, but Piscators will have no difficulty in supplying themselves from Hearns or the other fishermen. The charge for a boat, fisherman, and lad to pull, is 5s. a-day, with something extra for a second rod in the same boat.

The season on the Moy is from 12th Feburary to 20th August for salmon, and to 1st October for sea-trout. The best salmon-fishing is about the middle of June. It is also very good early in April, when the fish are large and rise freely, but the weather is often disappointing and the river out of order.

Banrea River, which runs into the Moy, is wonderfully full of sea-trout in September, October, and November.

FISHING.

Lough Conn affords excellent fishing, and for a pike fancier, it can hardly be beaten anywhere. The pike-fly is invariably used on this lake, and is said to be very killing.

BALLYSHANNON.

The Erne is by many called the queen of salmon-rivers. It is rented by Doctor Shiel, who kindly and liberally gives permission to all angling visitors. though he reserves the part of the river between the bridge and the wier for his own particular friends. McKaye is a good fisherman, and knows the river well. He will also supply excellent flies, which here too are very numerous. Orange and black bodies are the favourite colours. There is an old man, Mick Rogan, who also knows the river well, and who was, I believe, the constant companion of Sir Humphry Davy.

No fish is allowed to be kept by anglers; all must be sent to the curing-house.

The sea-trout fishing is poor. A fly made from the tail of an eel is considered very killing as a stretcher, with two sea-trout flies as droppers.

Lough Mervin, about five miles from Ballyshannon, is well worth a visit, not only for the salmon-fishing, but because it abounds with the Gillaroo trout, which run very large. There is good brown-trout fishing also in this lake.

I have now given you a hasty sketch of some of the Connamara fishing-stations. There are many others, doubtless, very good, of which Delphi stands pre-eminent, but I have not had the honour of trying my prowess there, as it is difficult to get the necessary permission, I believe. However, a visitor can hardly go wrong in whatever direction he turns his steps; but the places I have described are certainly first-rate fishing localities.

Make any use you like of this letter. I only wish it may induce many to try for themselves the glorious sport of Connamara; seeing how easily it may be reached, and how cheaply the trip may be made. If they once make the trial, I feel quite sure it will lead to further visits, greatly to the benefit of the poor inhabitants of these districts.

In conclusion I will only say, that even to the scenery hunter alone there are few parts of the world where the lover of nature in her wildest form will be better rewarded than by a visit to the Connamara district.

Ever, my dear Sir,

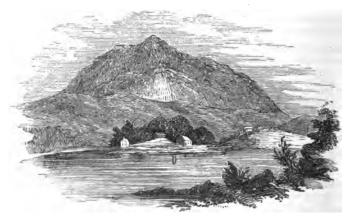
Very truly yours,

C. RAWSON.



FTER passing a little chapel* nestling in a small cove of the lake, we cross a bridge over Lough Derryclere, and are in the main road between Clifden and Oughterard: having taken a round of three miles, to visit Ballynahinch. On reaching Lake Glendalough, (which joins Derryclere,) and looking across it, the eye is refreshed by a novelty—plantations of young trees on either side the lake; on one side is the Cottage-house of the

late Dean Mahon, recently purchased by a German gentleman, who resides there; and on the opposite side—that of the public road—is "the Recess."



THE RECESS HOTEL.

* The Roman Catholic chapels throughout Ireland, with the exception of a few in the principal towns, are exceedingly ungraceful structures, resembling, in their exterior, rather huge and ungainly barns than edifices for Divine worship. We must no doubt attribute much of this evil to the want of sufficient funds; for the only means of erecting them are obtained from the people, in collections generally of very small sums. But a trifling addition to the cost might considerably improve their appearance, and so familiarize the common eye to a better order of things. In the interior, also, there is usually a sad aspect of discomfort: bare whitewashed walls; the altar dressed with shabby tinsel ornaments, and hung with miserable coloured prints; clay flooring; a few deal stools, with two or three rush-chairs for the better class;—such is the character we have almost invariably noted as belonging to the country chapels.

The Recess Hotel is situated on the north side of Glendalough, facing the south and west: it is most auspiciously placed; the lake in front is a very graceful sheet of water; and the huge mountain-hill, Lesoughter, looks immediately down upon it, from the background. At a short distance off is Lake Derryclere, full of pretty islands, and connected by a narrow river, of less than a quarter of a mile, with Lough Inagh: the landlord at the Recess Inn has boats on the three lakes; and we understand the angler's sport is nowhere better—for salmon especially—than in Lough Inagh: during our visit, a fine specimen of the trout of Glendalough was transferred from the lake to our table, with the interval of but a few minutes.*

Tourists here should certainly ascend the mountain Lesoughter; a guide will be provided, and ladies may drive in cars a part of the journey, which altogether will occupy two or three hours. At the mountain-base are three stone hovels; all that remain of a village which "policy" unroofed; a little further upward, and you reach one of the marble quarries, the working of which was commenced by Colonel Martin: several large slabs remain there yet, and various pieces are scattered about, exhibiting the fine green colour, and proving the excellent quality of the stone. As you ascend, you are forcibly struck by the luxuriance of the grass upon which you tread, and you very naturally look about you, for the sheep that are to be there converted into mutton: you look in vain; there is lack of capital and want of stock; and the rich pasture withers and perishes where it grew! You ascend higher, and the eye wanders over a wide flat between you and the sea,—the bay of Galway: while to the right is seen the river rushing down from Derryclere-the lake having received its tribute from Glendalough as well as Inagh-into "the Big Lake" at Ballynahinch, and thence into the ocean. But the wide flat we must

*The Recess Hotel is on the high-road from Oughterard to Clifden—distant from Oughterard fifteen miles, and from Clifden twelve miles: so that it is easily reached from Galway in the day; Bianconi's car, which leaves at nine o'clock, arrives at the Recess at two,—leaving ample time for visiting the lakes or ascending the mountain before dinner. Mr. Taggart, with the additions he is now making, can supply "sleeping room" for twenty-four guests, and we may give assurance that they will nowhere receive more agreeable treatment. All matters are arranged here with neatness and good order: the hotel is beyond question one of the best conducted of the district—and the one to which we most strongly recommend the Tourist. The proprietor of the hotel and of some land adjacent—a most respectable gentleman, Mr. Alderman Andrews, of Dublin—holds himself in a degree responsible for the good and liberal management of his tenant, Mr. Taggart, the landlord: there is, therefore, no insufficiency of means to insure comforts for guests; and we venture to promise that none will be disappointed who are guests at this hotel.

not pass without notice; it is dotted with lakes—some large, some small: some seeming to be mere holes in the peat, others graced by islands; some of regular and formal shape, others varied into forms rambling and grotesque: from the summit of the mountain we counted a hundred of these lakes. Immediately beneath us was one of the most graceful of the glens—the setting to one of the loveliest of all the lakes—Lough Inagh.*

Long before we reached the mountain-top, the two lakes of Derryclere and Inagh were fully mapped out beneath us: both are of more than common beauty; the former contains many islands, the latter only three or four, but they are covered with low trees, and underwood, a circumstance of rare occurrence in this wild district.



LOUGH DERRYCLERE.

* "Gien Inagh is an open, improvable dale, opening towards the east, with verdant green boundaries round its lower slopes, and towering cliffs and rocky mountain summits above. On the south side of this valley, a perpendicular rock rises to the height of 1,200 feet; over it falls a considerable stream into the valley beneath. Ben Bawn closes the valley towards the west. On the left, at the back of Ben Corr, is an overhanging precipice called Scalp-na-'G'collum, or the Pigeon's Cave. The gloom of the dark overhanging rock is relieved by the glittering of various streams of falling water, which, descending into the head of the glen, form the Inagh River. At the upper extremity of the glen, a grassy path winds up the pass of Maam-Inagh, and conducts across the narrow neck connecting Ben Bawn with Lettery into the head of Glencoaghan, and westward into the Owenglan valley, opening on Clifden. The Tourist who boats to the head of



From the mountain-top, the view was surpassingly grand: immediately in front of us, obscuring the mid sea-view, was Mount Cashel: around us were the eternal "Pins," here taking shapes new once again; now light, now dark: here utterly

bare of verdure; there clothed in evergreen, brilliant as that which decks the richest valley.

The ascent, as we have intimated, will amply recompense the "scaler's toil:" and be classed among the peculiar enjoyments of Connamara.*

the lakes may, if he be a good pedestrian, return on foot by Maam-Inagh and Glencoaghan to Glencoaghan-bridge; whence, if the day be not too far spent, he may proceed by the high-road to Clifden."—A Week in the West of Ireland.

* The view from "Cashel Hill" is said to be singularly fine—finer than that from Lesoughter Hill. Cashel Hill may be approached quite close by a level and smooth road: we borrow a description of the view hence obtained from a pleasant and unpreauming little book, entitled, "A Week in the West of Ireland:"—"Looking eastward, the long swelling uplands and russet moors of Iar-Connaught occupy the horizon. The intervening heights of the peninsula of Irrismore conceal the expanse of Kilkerran Bay, save its head waters, just visible at Screeb Bridge, between their northern extremity and the Hill of Ourid, rising in the left foreground. Turning

From Recess, we proceed towards Oughterard; on the right, for miles, is the same wild scene, of mingled rocks, lakes, bogs, and rivers—"strames" as the driver called them: although their rushings were fierce enough to drive before them "stones" of a ton weight. Lake succeeds lake: each connected with the other by a "strame," and all thus making their way through "the Big Lake," into Ballynahinch Bay. Conspicuous among them, to the right, is Lake Ourid with its mountain above it; sending down tributaries in rushing torrents:—

" A thousand wild fountains Come down to that lake from their homes in the mountains!"

Ourid Lake is "the end of the fisheries"—of Ballynahinch fishery, that is to say; the fish can go no further, inasmuch as there is neither river nor lake contributory to Lough Ourid, which nature supplies only through her thousand mountain channels—water-courses, and land-springs. Other lakes have similar courses and similar exits in Scarebe Bay; and Lough Shindela, at which we soon arrive, is the head of the fisheries of Kamus Bay. Shindela Lough has three wooded islands—rarities, indeed, hereabouts. Just "convenient" to all these lakes is "Flynn's Half-way House," where some half-a-dozen anglers, who

southward, the foreground is occupied by the expanse of Bertraghbule Bay, lying immediately under foot: a low peninsula separates it from Roundstone Harbour, one arm of which reaches nearly to the base of the point of view, and another passes behind the low hills on the right foreground, which conceal the course of the Ballinahinch or Owenmore River. One of the islands to the left, lying off the entrance to Bertraghbuie Harbour, is Cruach Mic Dara, interesting to the architectural antiquary for its chapel and bee-hive huts of stone, of the sixth and seventh centuries. Saint Mac Dara is the patron of this coast district, and the boatmen make it a point to lower their sails three times in his honour as often as they pass his island. On the opposite side of Roundstone Harbour, the conical hill of Irrisbeg, or Roundstone Hill, is a prominent object. It is easier of ascent than Cashel Hill, and commands a somewhat similar panorama, but not so central or extensive. Beyond it stretches the extreme western tract of Bollindoon, terminating in Slyme, or more properly Sleam or Leap Head, seen to the right of the hill: this district is a complete maze of lakes, so intricate and numerous as to defy the pencil of the sketcher. Beyond this labyrinth of lakes and pools we observe the Bay of Mannin, and more northward the entrance to Ardbear or Clifden Harbour; stretching inland from which the ascending lines of mountain conduct the eye to the central group of the Bins, which rise majestically at a distance of four miles on the north. The summits in their order, beginning at the left hand, are: Lettery, 1,904 feet; Benbawn, 2,395 feet; Bencorr, 2,356 feet; and Ben-y-gower, 2,220 feet. The Castle, woods, and lake of Ballinahinch lie along the foot of the group to the left, and in front Derryclare Lake skirts the base of Ben-y-gower to the right, and, connected with it by a short channel, the lower end of Loch Inagh is seen reaching back into the opening of Glen Inagh. On the opposite side of Glen Inagh, the mountain summits, beginning from the left, are: Maam-Turk, 1,536 feet; Finiskin, 2,189 feet; Illan West, 1,993 feet; Illan East, 2,307 feet; and Maam-Ean, 2,128 feet. Lisoughter Hill, 1,514 feet, occupies a prominent place in the mouth of the valley."

think less of luxuries than of sport, may obtain "sleeping-places," and also boats, cars, and ponies.**

"Flynn's Hotel" will convey a good idea of the "comfortable" household of the small Irish farmer, a character now not often to be found, and becoming rarer every day. Here if the Tourist look about him, he will note the several pieces of furniture "peculiarly Irish:" such as the iron pot, the mether, the three-legged stool, and it may be the spinning-wheel; and here we may ask him to pause a minute, while we describe a house of this class. We will ask him to enter with us one we visited at Erive, a small glen among

the mountains that enclose the head of Killery Bay. was no upper story: but there was a room branching to the right, and another to the left, of the "kitchen, parlour, and hall" -the sleeping-rooms of the family, decently furnished.+ This cottage contained, indeed, nearly every article of furniture in use in such dwellings of the humbler classes. Each of them we had often seen, but very seldom had been enabled to notice all together. The first object that attracted our attention was a singularly primitive chair, very commonly used



THREE-LEGGED CHAIR.

throughout Connaught. It is roughly made of elm, the pieces being nailed

^{*} Sir Francis Head says of Flynn's Hotel, "it reminded him of a Gaucho's hut in South America."

[†] The windows, of which there were two or three, were, we should especially observe, made to "open and shut;" but this, be it remembered, was a "cottage" in which the inhabitants were comfortably clad, and had other preservatives from the cold besides smoke and a close atmosphere. The Irish peasants have a great dislike to windows that will open and shut—they associate in their minds cold with air. Their dislike to ventilation, their desire to cram with old rags or hat-crowns every chink where air can enter, and the stagnant pools at their cottage doors, predispose them to fever.

together, as may be seen by the accompanying print. There is evidence that this piece of furniture has undergone little change during the last eight or ten centuries. The inhabitants of the cottage consisted of the father, mother, grandmother, and seven children, a dog and a cat, and half-a-dozen "laying hens." Unusual care had, however, been given to the "live stock;" there was a small cupboard in the wall converted into a hen-roost, with a door to open and shut. The pig had a dwelling to himself outside; and on our remarking this to the owner, he replied, "Oh, yes, he has a nate sty; he har every convaynience that a pig can ax." *







THE MODERN METHER.

The next object that attracted our notice was the wooden drinking-cup the modern substitute for the ancient "mether." It is a simple rounded cup, with a single handle,—such, indeed, as are common enough in this country.

There was also a primitive gridiron to "broil the red herrings," made of a piece of twisted iron, and a candlestick, equally rude, formed out of an iron tube inserted in a small "slab" of oak. The dresser was well garnished with plates; there were three or four three-legged stools and "bosses," and at either side of the chimney was a stone seat: in the chimney there were two holes; one very small, to place the tobacco-pipe when relinquished; another

^{*} The old story of "Why shouldn't the pig come into the parlour—sure who has a better right to it than him that pays the rent?" is sufficiently known. The fact is so, literally; for the peasant rarely saves—or has the power to save—money for the landlord. The pig is sold at the proper season, and the rent is paid.

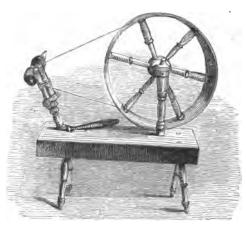
larger, for the "screeching hot tumbler" of old times. A saddle hung upon a peg; a rude and smoke-dried chimney-piece was garnished with plates; and a waiting wench, bare-footed, and healthy as the heath in spring, denoted that the family belonged to the better class: there was a pair of oddly-shaped tongs



THE COTTAGE FIRE-PLACE.

to place the turf on the fire, a churn, a rafter to hang clothes upon, a salt-box, a trough for the pig, who though domiciled in his own house was an occasional visitor—after dinner; the iron pot, of course, and the crook fastened up the

chimney, to hang the pot upon: and there were two wheels-the wheel for wool



THE SPINNING-WHEEL FOR WOOL.

and the wheel for flax. This cottage, then, may be taken as a model of the better class, both in its exterior and interior "accommodations." The roof was sound; the windows were whole, and, as we have said. opened and shut; the stagnant pool was at a respectable distance; the pig had his separate apartment; and there was a stable for the cow and horse. The arrangements here were totally independent of any land-

lord's encouragement or agent's survey; but how rarely do we meet the houses of "snug farmers" so provided with comforts!

In such a cottage as this, we may witness some of the time-honoured games peculiar to Ireland; one of them we will pause to describe. It is the PANCAKE TOSSING, on Shrove Tuesday, an illustration of which, from the pencil of the great Master, McClise, graces the opposite page. The family, their friends and neighbours, assemble on this occasion. The tossing of the first pancake is always allotted to the eldest unmarried daughter of the host, who performs the task not altogether without trepidation, for much of her "luck" during the year is supposed to depend upon her good or ill success on the occasion. She tosses it, turns it, and usually so cleverly as to receive it back again, without a ruffle on its surface, in the pan. Congratulations upon her fortune go round, and another makes the effort: perhaps this is a sad mischance; the pancake is either not turned or falls among the turf ashes; the unhappy maiden is then doomed—she can have no chance of marrying for a year at least—while the girl who has been lucky is destined to have her "pick of the boys" as



PANCAKE TOSSING.

soon as she likes. The cake she has tossed, she is at once called upon to share, and cutting it into as many slices as there are guests, she hands one to each: sometimes the mother's wedding-ring has been slipped into the batter out of

which this first cake is made, and the person who receives the slice in which it is contained, is to be the first married.

But, as we have said, "cottages" are rare. The English Tourist will not have been long in Ireland before he learns to shudder at the sight of the miserable hovels, miscalled houses, in which the majority of the Irish peasantry exist. There are exceptions certainly, and, as we have taken frequent occasions to show, where there is a resident landlord, careful of the interests of his



THE IRISH CABIN.

tenantry, and anxious to promote their welfare, these dwellings become raised from miserable huts into comparatively decent cottages; but generally, throughout the country, their condition is so wretched as to become almost revolting, and to excite astonishment, that human beings should continue to inhabit them, year after year, without the acquisition of a single comfort, and with scarcely a sufficiency of necessaries to render life, to all appearance, worth preserving. Unhappily, it may be said of poverty, as it has been said of vice—

"Grown familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The poor occupant of a miserable hovel loses, or rather never had, any ambition to obtain a better; and the rich persuade themselves—easy when

they find their improvements, if made, unappreciated—that the tenant requires nothing more than the mere means of sustaining animal existence. As the father has lived, so lives the son; and so may continue to live their descendants. Of late years, undoubtedly, there has been some advance towards civilization in the exterior as well as in the interior of the Irish cabin; very frequently now they are whitewashed—a practice introduced during the terrible visitation of the cholera;—but the progress towards a happier state of things has been grievously slow; and in the more remote districts they retain their primitive characteristics, absolutely degrading to human nature and shocking to humanity. This picture is not overwrought. The engraving on page 124 represents a cabin by no means of the worst class.* The tent of the Red



CABIN OF STONES.

* "An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod (mud) or rough stone, perhaps with a window, or a hole to represent one; it is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet, and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole on the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure, and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with the children, perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig; and therefore it appears to me obvious, that the first and most necessary change is, that there should be two rooms instead of one, that the dung-pit should be put at the back of the house instead of in the front, and that a pig-sty should be provided."—Mr. Tite's Report to the Irish Society, 1836.

Indian and the hut of the Esquimaux, are constructed with a greater degree of care, and more attention to their rude notions of comfort, than the cabin an Irish peasant erects on the side of the road or mountain. If by the road-side, instead of raising his dwelling above its level, so as to secure it from damp, he invariably sinks it below, considerably below, the level of the highway;



CABIN AT TULLY.

making it, in fact, a drain to the road. If on the side of a hill, he never dreams of levelling the floor; on the contrary, we have seen numberless instances where one gable has been two feet higher than the other, and the roof straight. Very frequently there is not only no window, but no chimney, the chinks in the door alone supplying air and light. The thatched roof is rarely kept in

repair, and it is not uncommon for the rain to drip through it, so that one-half of its small space is continually in a "sop." Many of them-indeed a majority of them—consist of but one apartment, in which the whole family of grown-up young men and women eat and sleep; there is generally a truckle bed in a corner for the owner, or the "old people,"—a cabin will seldom be found in which there is neither grandfather nor grandmother, and affectionate zeal usually cares first for them; but the other members of the household commonly rest upon straw or heather, laid on the floor, covered with a blanket, if it be in possession, and the wearing apparel of the several sleepers. We have more than once entered a cabin where we have found eight or ten people, of all ages, so recruiting mind and body for the toil of the next day. The pigthe never-absent guest—a cow if there be one—and occasionally a few fowl. occupy the same chamber at night.* The furniture consists of an iron pot to boil the potatoes; a rude dresser, sometimes; a couple of three-legged stools; a couple of stone seats on either side of the turf fire; a table, but not always: a "kish"—a basket of wicker-work—into which the potatoes are thrown when dressed; and the poor bed we have mentioned, in the corner. The dung-heap is invariably found close to every door-sometimes, indeed frequently, right across the entrance, so that a few stepping-stones are placed to pass over it. And this evil is perpetuated, in spite of all appeals on the grounds of decency and health, and seems almost unavoidable; without the manure, the food could not be grown; the cottager cannot trench upon the road—in almost all instances cottages are built lining either a high-road or bye-road-and he cannot spare out of his poor modicum of earth the space thus occupied; every inch must produce its potato. It will be remembered that we are speaking of the very poorest class-but alas! we speak, therefore, of the great bulk of the population, who

" beg a brother of the earth To give them leave to toil:"

[—]a fine, high-hearted, generous, and intelligent race of men and women, of whom it is no exaggeration to say, the former are brave to an adage, and the

^{*} At most of these way-side cabins fierce and ugly dogs are kept; such dogs are sad nuisances; they are continually rushing out to bark and snap at any car that passes; and not unfrequently the traveller is in some alarm for his legs. They are not so common as they were, for the famine destroyed a large number of them; but they are still sufficiently numerous to be great annoyances. The Tourist will be often amused, however, to see them springing to an attack, notwithstanding the big logs of wood which the law orders to be fastened round their necks.

latter virtuous to a proverb. Cabins even more wretched than those we have described are to be encountered very often in the less frequented parts. At Glengariff—beautiful Glengariff—we visited one we picture at page 125, formed out of a mass of large flat stones.

But as more immediately appertaining to the district under discussion, we have introduced, in p. 126, an engraving from a drawing made of a cabin at Tully, in Connamara.

It would be apart from our purpose to detail the several projects that have been suggested, or the plans that have been drawn, for the erection of decent cottages, in lieu of the wretched hovels that now exist. They may be easily procured by those who require them. That such substitutions are practicable has been sufficiently proved.

URTHER on (about two miles), and we again arrive at "Butler's Lodge" with the turn in the road leading down hill to Maam.

The road hence to Oughterard we have described. Here then we shall take leave of Connamara. We have failed to exhibit to the reader more than a very faint the clories of this singularly grand district: yet we trust

picture of the glories of this singularly grand district; yet we trust we have said enough to direct towards it the attention of thousands who annually covet relaxation from labour, and such enjoyments as Nature can supply. Connamara is now, as we have observed, easily accessible; the Tourist need be subjected to no annoyances, while

interest will be excited, and enjoyments produced, at every step he takes.

Our course now lies northward, to visit Westport, and we must suppose the Tourist to be at Leenane, having reached that village by travelling directly the reverse of the road we have been taking him, i. e. to Clifden first (from Oughterard), and through Kylemore and the Killeries. This is, indeed, the road he will necessarily travel, if he journey by the car of Bianconi, and it may be well here to observe that a "car auxiliary" meets Bianconi at the "Cross Road" from Maam, to take passengers from, or to bring them to the hotel.

The river Erive, which has its mouth in Killery Bay, will be for a long space the companion of the Tourist as he "turns his back on Connamara," and

pursues the coach-road to Westport. Passing the Erive Bridge, he is in the county of Mayo.* Westport is like most Irish towns: better than some, worse than others; with a good hotel, however, a fair trade, and great capabilities.



ERIVE.

The seat of the Marquis of Sligo adjoins the town, through the grounds of which there is a pleasant road to the quay—a road generously left free to all comers and goers. The quay is at some distance from the town; it seemed bustling and lively, notwithstanding the doleful aspect of a long line of store-houses, ostentatiously marked "wine in bond," "tobacco in bond," and so forth. The demesne of the Marquis is exceedingly beautiful; nature had amply provided for the improvements of art; a fine lake almost washes the steps of the hall-door; and the trees, of which it is full, are of magnificent growth.

The vicinity of Westport is full of attractions; the lovers of the picturesque will find enjoyments in abundance; while here, as in every other part of this

^{• &}quot;The Wood of Errive, which skirts the left bank of the stream for a considerable distance, forms a pleasing variety; and though, as 'a wood,' it would be little thought of in England, yet here it is described by the people in terms so glowing as to excite a smile. It is a standing proof however, if proof were wanting, that timber as well as grass and corn are natural to the Irish soil."—The Sazon in Ireland.

primitive district, there are innumerable sources of pleasure open to the sportsman.*

The principal street of Westport is built on an ascent, and the summit being reached, the eve embraces a very peculiar view of the town, beneath which it seems to sink among the trees by which it is environed. Immediately on reaching the outskirts, the hill descends, and the town is rather suddenly hidden from view. Beside the road, a little to the left, is a small and perfect circle of stones, probably Druidic. Keeping onward, in a direct line, the road to Croagh Patrick is little diversified for two miles or more; the country here being pretty level. On reaching the famous "holy well," the view is decidedly grand. A ruined church crowns the summit of a gentle eminence to the leftthe grave-vard, as usual, crowded with monuments; while, to the right, the eve roams uninterruptedly over the beautiful Clew Bay and its equally beautiful islands—that of Clare being very conspicuous. To the left rises the majestic Croagh Patrick with a bold sweep from the land upward to the clouds, which often hide its summit; and washed at its base, which projects proudly to the waters, by the blue waves of the Atlantic. From this point the picture might be pronounced perfect, combining, as it does, land and sea view, island and rock in one, with the picturesque foreground of the little church and its ivycovered gables; the holy well trickling towards the road. This well, which has acquired some celebrity from its forming the chosen habitation of two sacred trout, is a stone's throw from the road, and is surrounded on three sides

^{* &}quot;I was much pleased with Westport and its neighbourhood, and felt that there were many inducements there to attract a settler. The hand of industry had already been active, and cultivation on a large scale had been carried on for a considerable length of time. It is stated by Mr. Griffith, in his Report, that eighty years ago there was but one small field, of eight acres, of green ground, between Castlebar and the sea-coast, and these were around Westport House; and within forty years the roads to the West did not pass Castlebar. Looking, then, at the improvements that have taken place—the raising of mere fishing-villages into large towns-of smuggling stations into harbours for the accommodation of an increasing commerce—the exchange of dangerous paths across lofty mountains and deep morasses into some of the finest roads in the empire-the extensive reclamation of bogs, and the fertilising of barren hills; when all this is before our very eyes, is it too much to hope that the time will come when the present depression will pass away, and this glorious country take its proper position among the nations, and be, as God has intended it to be-the very gem of the sea? That trade is languishing-that enterprise is at a stand-still—that men's hearts are failing them—that everything is, in fact, retrograding at present-common observation must convince any one that will form an impartial judgment: but let them be patient for awhile; the ample resources, the immense capabilities, of the Sister Isle are beginning to attract observation in England; and I cannot but venture what some may call a rash prediction—that Ireland has seen her worst days."—The Saxon in Ireland.

by a rude stone wall of uncemented fragments of rock. It is environed by thorn trees—gnarled and twisted by many a sea-blast, to which their exposed situation renders them very liable. The story is, that an heretical soldier once took home the trout looked upon as sacred, and placed it on a gridiron to cook, whence it escaped, and was found next day in the waters of the well, with the mark of the hot bars on its side. The fish (there are always two), which are very small and dark, hide beneath the stone wall, where a hole has been formed



CROAGH PATRICE, FROM BLACKFORD LAKE, MEAR CASTLEBAR.

by the falling of part of it, and they are lured out by a few worms thrown into the water, which they dart forward to catch, and as rapidly retire. At Croagh Patrick the patron saint is believed to have commenced his mission in Ireland, and from the summit of it to have blessed Connamara, which looked so bleak, barren, and rugged that he declined to enter it. The origin of the well is this: St. Patrick being very tired, after mounting the hill to bless Connamara and the Joyce's Country, and very thirsty, wished for a drink—instantly, out sprang

the water from the holy well. When the Saint was satisfied, however, it retired into its rocky recess; and many centuries afterwards, a good priest, poking about the neighbourhood, took notice of a small stone with a cross upon it: this stone he raised, when out gushed the clear stream.

Writers long before the time of St. Patrick called "Ireland the sacred isle. because the gods had kept it from serpents and other venomous things." The non-existence of serpents and toads in Ireland has been the subject of much inquiry and curious speculation; but the bare fact is left as unexplained in the nineteenth century as it has ever been. The popular belief is, that they were expelled the country by the order of St. Patrick; but the "historian" Keating, although he maintains that "Ireland had serpents before the coming of the patron saint," is "of opinion that they were not venomous;" and "inclines to think" that by the serpents spoken of in the life of the holy man, "were meant infernal demons:" and he proceeds to describe the circumstances which led to the absence of these reptiles from Ierne. Niul, the son of Fenius, king of Capaciront, who had married Scota, daughter of the king of Egypt, had by her a son named Gaoidhal. Moses, escaping from Pharaoh, encamped with his followers near Niul's residence, which led to a mutual friendship and alliance between them. "It happened that, upon the same night, a serpent bit Gæyalo, Niul's son, whilst he was swimming, by which his life was endangered; others assert that the animal came out of the wilderness and bit him in bed. Niul's people advised him to bring the youth to Moses; he complied, and Moses prayed to God, and laid the rod that was in his hand upon the wound, and it was immediately healed. Moses then foretold, that wheresoever any of the posterity of this youth should inhabit, no venomous creature would have any power." Thus the Irish, being his descendants, were freed from the pest; or rather, according to the "historian," from all peril arising from it. But he does not explain how it has happened that the innocuous reptile quitted Ireland altogether; a fact accounted for by an equally authentic document—the modern song, which places St. Patrick upon the hill of Howth-

> "'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preach'd his sarmint; He drove the frogs into the bogs, And banish'd all the varmint."

Whether the earth or the air—or, what is by no means improbable, the exceeding moisture of the climate—forbids the existence of serpents and toads in Ireland,

is matter of doubt. The former have, however, been certainly introduced into the country "on speculation," and have perished; the latter, we understand, have "increased and multiplied" in a district of the south. Frogs, we know, were equally strangers to the Irish about eighty years ago: previously, there was no frog in the island; they are now as common there as they are in England. Naturalists account for the fact in a very easy way; "serpents were not given to Ireland at the general distribution." Thus, at least, it was explained to us by a distinguished naturalist in Dublin; who, upon the same principle, accounted for the absence of many animals not known in Ireland, and the presence of others unknown elsewhere. There are no moles in the country.

The legend, however, is at issue with that which asserts the Saint to have not only been in Connamara, but to have slept there; his "bed" remaining to this day. From the summit of Croagh Patrick, it is said, the Saint issued his order to all serpents to leave the country,—an order fertile of themes for legend, story and song.*



EING at Westport, and about to leave it,—and reluctant as he no doubt will be to retrace his steps—the Tourist will either proceed to Tuam, to join the railway at Ballinasloe (a long, weary and uninteresting journey), or he will proceed to Castlebar, and so northwards. Here, however, we must refer him to the map: his exit from Connamara may be made in several ways—the easiest of which undoubtedly will be to go back the

way he came, and take the train from Galway to Dublin; the most interesting will be to journey northwards through Sligo, to Londonderry, and so on to the Giant's Causeway.

.* "The guide gave me the whole history of St. Patrick and the serpents, and of the saint's two attendant boys, and of the 'tussle' with the 'gineral' of the serpents, and of the miraculous virtues of the saint's bell and its magic clapper, and how the 'gineral' of the snakes was cast into Loughnapecke, which being too small to contain him, he was consigned to the more extensive waters of Loughna Corra; where, even at this day, when the lightnings flash and the thunders roll round the summit of the mountain, he may be seen disporting himself, and splashing with his tail, till the whole air is thickened, and the surrounding lands deluged with the spray."—The Saxon in Ireland.

But, at all events, we shall ask him to accompany us yet a little further, promising him a rare treat if he will visit Newport, Castlebar, and the far-famed Isle of Achill. Castlebar is not six miles from Westport; it is the capital town of the county of Mayo, and is interesting in history as well as in fact.* The town is thriving and prosperous; it contains some neat public buildings, and a "green" of some extent as a promenade for the inhabitants. The suburbs, however, are, as usual, exceedingly wretched. The mountains surround Castlebar, sufficiently remote to add to their picturesque character, and in its immediate neighbourhood are numerous fine lakes. A neat and comfortable inn commands a fine prospect of both.

* Mayo County has been long celebrated in the annals of duelling; although not more so than its neighbour, Galway. "The sod" in both counties is still shown, a mile or two outside the towns of Castlebar and Galway, where many a "thoughtless hero" has been laid low-the bullet being not unfrequently fired by an old friend and companion, who would almost as soon have shot himself. Happily, the reign of the Fire-eaters terminated long ago; a duel now-a-days in Ireland is a rare event. Even the "Mayo Cock" and the "Galway Cock"—rivals and friends for centuries -incline more to settle their disputes in the Courts than at twelve paces. We heard a vast number of anecdotes in illustration of the old practice: some of them were deeply serious, others exquisitely comic. The records of the two places referred to would alone fill a volume. We could, however, do little good by preserving them: the dismal page had better not be re-opened. We therefore abstain from printing the many anecdotes that were related to us—the majority by persons who witnessed what they described. The characters who figured in them are nearly all gone to their long account; and we should inevitably wound the feelings of their descendants, by detailing instances of a savage custom carried to a brutal extent. Besides, the English public are not sufficiently aware of the changes that have been wrought by time in the habits of the Irish gentleman, to discriminate with sufficient accuracy between what has been and what is. Pictures that refer only to a past generation, and excite general disgust-by portraying the Irish of the upper grades as drunkards, duellists, and rascals utterly without principle—are sometimes confounded, in this country, with portraits of living men and scenes of present occurrence. It is not at all times easy to distinguish between yesterday and to-day. Only evil can arise to Ireland by thus recruiting a prejudice that has been rapidly giving way before actual experience. Until within the last thirty years, there was scarcely a gentleman of either Galway or Mayo who had not "been out;" and in some of the "established families," pistols are still kept as heirlooms, to which many tragic stories are attached. At one time a club existed in Galway, to which no person was admissible who had not shot his man. Some of the pistols are notched, or nicked, in several places, to denote the number of persons who had been shot by them. Hence, it is said, the term, once familiar enough in "the West"-"he's nicked," when a man was down.

The county of Mayo was the scene of the singular career of George Robert Fitzgerald (whose Memoirs have been published by M'Glashan). After passing through a variety of adventures, so remarkable as to appear fabulous, he was hanged for murder, notwithstanding his near relationship to several of the most noble families of Ireland: his life and death are both hideously romantic.



ASTLEBAR was rendered famous during the melancholy year 1798. Here the English army was defeated by a small French force, under the command of General Humbert: and the battle, fought in the outskirts of the town, is spoken of to this day, by the nickname of "the Castlebar races." The "Rebellion" had been suppressed; and nominal peace, at least, had been restored to Ireland, when, suddenly, a descent was attempted

by the army of republican France upon the northern coast of Connaught. Two or three months earlier, and the consequences might have been terrible. Under the then existing circumstances, however, the British troops, freed from all occupation in the south, had ample leisure to check the miniature invasion, and, although a few days of triumph were enjoyed by the invaders, their subjection was effected at very little cost. On the 22d of August, 1798, three French frigates appeared in Killala Bay; the weather was fine, and the sea was calm; the collector of the port boarded the ships (they had hoisted English colours), but did not return. The character and purpose of the strangers were soon ascertained. Troops, amounting in number to above 1,000, consisting chiefly of hardy veterans, and commanded by General Humbert, were landed without opposition, and, after a slight skirmish with some yeomanry, took possession of the town of Killala, an ancient bishop's see, establishing their head-quarters at the palace. Their first step was to arm and equip "the natives," for whom they had brought clothing, arms, and ammunition; and large numbers immediately flocked to their standard. Bulletins were at once issued, headed "Liberty; Equality; Fraternity; Union;" and calling upon Irishmen to join their "friends," in order to rescue their country from the tyranny of England. The document thus concluded:--"The Irish Republic! such is our shout! let us march! our hearts are devoted to vou! our glory is your happiness." They were joined, however, by no Irish leaders of note; and the unhappy rabble who flocked to their standard seem to have far more embarrassed than aided the invaders. Proceeding southward, they reached Castlebar on the 27th; and here they were met by the English generals, Lake and Hutchinson, who had possession of the town, and who commanded a much greater force and were much better provided with munitions of war than their enemies. The relative strength of the two armies may be estimated as about one thousand and one thousand five hundred; but that of France was aided-more apparently than really-by a mob dressed in French uniforms; while that of England was composed chiefly of militia regiments, upon whose fidelity no reliance could be placed, and who, in fact, did desert by whole companies. The English generals, therefore, made but a miserable fight; they were driven out of the town, and fled in confusion to Tuam, and subsequently to Athlone—a distance of sixty-four miles; leaving behind them all their cannon, above a hundred dead and wounded, and nearly three hundred "missing," the majority of whom were deserters, who were afterwards retaken, tried by drumhead court-martial, and shot.* The triumph of Humbert was, however, of brief duration. Having conveyed intelligence of his victory to the Directory, in which he magnified the number of slain enemies into six hundred, with a proportionate amount of wounded and prisoners, he issued proclamations, appointing Castlebar (until further orders) to be the seat of the Republican government of the province of Connaught, which was to consist of twelve members, named by

* The character of the British was redeemed from utter disgrace only by the gallant conduct of the Fraser Fencibles. They were the last to quit the town. A small party of them retired to the churchyard, which commanded the main street, where they made a stand until they fell beneath the pikes of the insurgents. A slab, to record their courage and their fate, was erected in the church by their Colonel. It contains this inscription:—

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF
JAMES SEATY,
ANGUS M'DONALD,
GEORGE MUNRO,
DONALD URQUHART,
WILLIAM ROSS,
AND
DUGALD CAMERON,

PRIVATES OF THE PRASER HIGHLANDERS, WHO WERE KILLED IN THE ACTION AT CASTLEBAR WITH THE FRENCH INVADERS, ON THE 27TH AUGUST, 1798, AS A SMALL TRIBUTE TO THEIR GALLANT CONDUCT AND HONOURABLE DRATH,

COLONEL SIMON FRASER.

OF LOVAT.

WHO COMMANDED THE DETACHMENT OF THE REGIMENT ON THAT DAY.

The church has been rebuilt; and, to the disgrace of the corporation of Castlebar—the old corporation we must, in justice, observe—the slab was removed, and inserted in the old wall that surrounds the new structure. This act is utterly inexcusable; it is unworthy, ungrateful, and disloyal; and, we have reason to know, is considered to be scandalous by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the town, who may be looked upon as sufferers by the bravery they are generous enough to respect.

the commander-in-chief, ordering that a body of 12,000 men should be organized forthwith; and commanding that every individual, from the age of sixteen to forty, should, in the name of the Irish Republic, repair to the French camp. He made no motion, however, of pursuing his beaten enemies, but, upon their rallying, "wheeled off to the northward;" a circumstance that was explained a few weeks afterwards by the capture of the Hoche and eight frigates of France, having on board five thousand troops, destined to land at Lough Swilly, in the county of Donegal. The Marquis of Cornwallis, Lord-lieutenant, at the head of 27,000 men, in pursuit of the handful of invaders, overtook them on their progress to the north at Ballinamuck; when Humbert surrendered, on the 8th of September, with his army, consisting of ninety-six officers and seven hundred and forty-eight non-commissioned officers and privates. So ended the last invasion of Ireland; at Castlebar, as well as elsewhere,

" Rebellion had ill-luck."

The result might have been far more disastrous had Humbert paid his visit to Ireland a few months earlier: or had he delayed it a few weeks later, when the troops, proceeding to join him in the Hoche, had augmented his forces—and the unhappy Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was a passenger in that vessel, had brought experience to his councils, and the influence of a known and beloved name as a watchword to his Irish allies.*

* About eighteen years ago, it startled the inhabitants of Castlebar, to see a Colonel O'Malley, of the French service, suing for a property in the Courts of that town, in which he had not set foot since he had figured as a Captain of insurgents at the famous battle. He had fought also at Ballinamuck. He was unsuccessful in his suit—having, as we understand, been debarred by the statute of Limitations; but he was treated with marked courtesy by court, jury, and counsel; and no single word was uttered having reference to his connexion with "the time of the troubles."-The anecdote reminded us of another we heard in Dublin. A young gentleman was sitting in his room in College. A slight tap at the door was answered by a call to come in. A stranger advanced; he was muffled up; he courteously asked permission to sit a few minutes in that chamber; it was readily granted. He remained for nearly an hour, without speaking a word, covering his face with his cloak, and sobbing as if his heart would break. At length he rose to depart; and then he spoke. "Sir," said he, "I pray your pardon for this intrusion. Thirty years ago, my last evening in Ireland was spent in this room. I have since been a wanderer ever the face of the earth. The room was then full of joyous and hoping spirits: I am the only one of them all who escaped with life. The rest fell in battle, or died upon the scaffold. To sit once more in this room is my only business in my country; I am forgotten, and have been long thought to be dead; no one knows me; no one shall ever again know me." He departed as mysteriously as he had entered; and although the gentleman who had been his host for so short a time, and in so singular a manner, made every inquiry with a view to ascertain who he was, he is to this moment unable even to guess at his name.

The district north of Castlebar is full of interest and wild beauty; about midway to Ballina, and on the direct road to Sligo, the tourist passes between the lakes of Con and Cullen. A bridge was built across their juncture by the late Lord Lucan, who has handed down his name to posterity as one of the benefactors of Ireland; for previously a dangerous ferry was the only mode by which travellers could pass from one side to the other.*



NEWPORT-MAYO.

From Castlebar we proceeded to Newport,—called, to distinguish it from other towns of the same name, Newport-Mayo. A few years back it was little

^{*} Beneath this bridge may be frequently observed the curious appearance of the stream flowing in opposite directions during the same day, owing to any overflow of the smaller lake (Cullen), which has no other outlet for its superabounding waters than by sending them back again to its superior through this narrow channel. The Pontoon road was planned and executed by Mr. Ball, the distinguished engineer, and was a work of immense labour, costing much time and money. For nearly half a mile there is barely room for the road—and narrow enough it is—between the rocky bases of the mountains and the water. The bridge was a very bold undertaking; as the narrow channel connecting the lakes was, of course, at times swept by a tremendous current.

better than a collection of hovels, and a modern traveller, in 1839, complains bitterly, that he was domiciled at "an ugly, mean-looking pothouse, redolent of sour beer and effete whiskey punch," the bedchamber of which was "small, frouzy, and unclean:" he adds, however, that "Newport was intended to be a better town;" and a better town it now unquestionably is. The "hotel" is neat and comfortable; the cars are good; several pretty houses have been built along the quay, and some large storehouses "in progress" indicate increasing prosperity. Few towns on the coast, indeed, are more fortunately situated; a somewhat broad and rapid river, aiding the picturesque, and "full" of charms to the angler, here makes its way into the sea: the beautiful bay of Clew, with its hundreds of islands, that leaves a deposit of soft sand upon the adjacent shore, rendering the neighbourhood highly attractive to bathers.*

The scenery in the immediate neighbourhood is very pleasing, striking, and picturesque; the artist copied for us a portion of it just above the town, taking in the glebe-house and the spire of the church, topping a graceful plantation of trees.†

To the tourist and the occasional resident, Newport-Mayo has many temptations—of sea, lake, and land; its attractions to the sportsman and the angler are abundant of every class and kind, and both may pursue their pleasure without "let or hindrance," the sole stipulation being that they shall reside at the inn.‡

- * "As a whole, few parts of Ireland attract the eye of the English settler more than Mayo. There is every variety of soil and scenery. The mountains, lakes, rich plains, and winding streams of this favoured county, possess a charm peculiar to themselves. There is a cheerfulness mingled with the sublimity of the scenery which is highly attractive; and let the taste or the pursuit of a settler be what it may, he cannot, unless indeed he is unusually fastidious, fail of meeting in this county with the very spot he is in search of. The shores of Clew Bay, replete with indescribable beauties and advantages, the barony of Murrisk, and the reclaimable wilds of Erris, have as yet found most favour with English purchasers, and 'the plantation' of Mayo is a fact which the present generation will probably see accomplished."—The Saxon in Ireland.
- † North of the district we are describing, are the baronies of Erris and Tyrawley; savage districts, but full of interest and character, which, alone, have supplied materials for a valuable book—one of the legacies of the late Rev. Cæsar Otway. It is full of rare "sketches" of a singular people, and their as singular customs. Into this wild region civilization has scarcely yet entered; even now the roads are few, and impassable for ordinary carriages; and probably there are hundreds of the inhabitants, at this moment, who do not even know that a queen reigns over Great Britain. Achill and its vicinity are primitive places; but according to Mr. Otway's account, they are refined in comparison with Erris and Tyrawley.
- ‡ Generally, indeed, along the western coast, the sportsman will encounter few obstacles; and, as we shall have occasion to show, in no part of Ireland will his sport be more abundant. The grouse are thick upon the mountains, and the rivers and lakes are full of fish. Of trout no

At Newport-Mayo we had an opportunity of inspecting one of the singular boats, the Corragh, or Corach, the construction of which appears to have undergone little alteration for many centuries, being almost precisely similar



THE CORRAGH.

account is taken; but it is usual to stipulate with the angler that he shall carry away one salmon, sending to the owner the other produce of his skill; and a very just arrangement this is; for the "fair" angler is never covetous of fish; one who is otherwise, is no better than a poacher.

The Gillaroo trout is common to many of the lakes of Mayo and Galway: but it is seldom caught. We have met with a few to whom it was familiar. Its peculiarity is the possession of a gizzard, and it is thought to exist only in Ireland. It frequently grows to the size of seven or eight pounds weight. Naturalists are divided in opinion as to whether its singularity is natural or the result of some disease. Sir Humphrey Davy (Salmonia) thinks it is a distinct species, now at least, inasmuch as he caught several not larger than his finger which "had as perfect a stomach as the larger ones." He considers it "a sort of link between the trout and char, which has a stomach of the same kind with the Gillaroo, but not quite so thick, and which feeds at the bottom in the same way." In appearance it differs very little from the common trout, "except that they have more red spots, and a yellow or golden coloured belly and fins, and are generally a broader and thicker fish; but internally they have a different organization, possessing a large thick muscular stomach, which has been improperly compared to a fowl's, and which generally contains a quantity of small shell-fish of three or four kinds; and though in those I caught," adds Sir Humphrey Davy, "the stomachs were full of these shell-fish, yet they rose greedily at the fly." He contends that if they were originally the common trout "that had gained the habit of feeding on shell-fish," they have been altered in a succession of generations. Mr. Ball, a distinguished Irish naturalist, and Hon. Sec. to the Zoological Society of Dublin, informs us that "the Gillaroo trout, so remarkable for its gizzard-like stomach, is usually considered only a variety of the species. How it occurs I have not at all satisfied myself. Whether it be the result of food, whether it be permanent or temporary, or a form of disease, is not. I think, clearly established, and is worth further investigation."

to that in use by the ancient Irish. It is of a rude form, the stem being nearly as broad as the stern. It is made of wooden laths, covered with coarse tarred canvas; this canvas is manufactured by the peasantry, and the cost of the whole vessel is about thirty shillings. The size is, usually, sufficiently large to contain four men; each man rows two oars; the oars are short, flat, and broad, and a hole is made, into which is introduced a single trolach. It is of course very light, and rises and falls with every wave—literally dancing on the waters; they are seldom or never upset, and are peculiarly calculated for this wild shore, for if suddenly struck against a sunken rock, the hole thereby made in the canvas covering is stopped in an instant. We took a row in the one we have pictured; its owner regretting that we were not "in town last week" to see the "fine one intirely that was there then." Our specimen was old, and much worn, but not therefore the less picturesque.*

ROM Newport-Mayo we proceeded to the island of Achill, distant about fourteen miles. It is the largest island off the Irish coast, being sixteen miles in length by seven in breadth, and contains between 4,000 and 5,000 inhabitants. The scenery that leads to it is remarkably wild and barren; on one side are the bleak and bare mountains, and on the other is the beautiful bay—Clew Bay—for nearly half the distance, until the view opens upon the broad Atlantic. In natural grandeur and rude magnificence, the district is certainly unsurpassed—if indeed it be approached—by any other in Ireland; on no occasion

^{*} These primitive vessels are of an antiquity the most profound. They are unquestionably the next advance in navigation from the raft and cance. In that nublious period of Irish history antecedent to the days of Cimbaoth, we are told that the Firbolgs, the third colony who possessed Ireland, were so called, because "do gnitis baris do bolgaib," they made boats of the hides of beasts. These vessels were sewed together with coarse woollen rope-yam—a rope of a harsher substance would tear the hide; this is not only soft, but swells in the water, and fills the hole made to receive it. Eochy Fuarcheas, who flourished about six hundred years n.c., seeking to wrest the throne of Ireland from the Ard Righ, Sior lamh, used, during the war of succession which he waged, a great number of Corrocha, or Corrochans, i. e. cock-boats made of wattles or wicker-work, covered with hides, by which he was enabled to effect landings in tempestuous

have we more completely felt our utter inability to render justice to the wonderful works of Nature. Nor is the neighbourhood without its interest, arising from associations with the olden time; the remains of the ancient monastery of Burrishoole, and the castle of Carrig-a-Hooly, one of the castles of Grace O'Malley, are among the most striking and remarkable of the ruins of Ireland.



BURRISHOOLE MONASTERY.

Those of the former stand upon the east bank of the river, and adjacent to the lake of Burrishoole; both afford famous sport to the angler, and unrestricted permission to fish in either is, as we have intimated, readily accorded to the Tourist. The venerable ruin is highly picturesque; it retains many tokens of early splendour, and some of the mullions and capitals are curious specimens of art. As usual, the relics of mortality are scattered profusely within and around it; it is literally "a place of skulls;" every nook, crevice, and cranny is "crammed" with the "dry bones.*" The old castle was evidently built

weather. From this circumstance he obtained his name: Fuar, signifying cold, and ceas, a skiff, as being used only in bad weather. "And indeed it is astonishing," says the Irish historian, "in what bad weather the people will at this day run out to sea in such craft."

* "Here, tradition states, the skull of Grace O'Malley was formerly preserved, and valued as a precious relic. One night, however—so the legend goes—the bones of the famous sea-queen

for strength; it is situated at the extremity of an arm of the sea, and immediately adjoining it, we were informed, there was depth enough, at low water, for a vessel of considerable burden to ride in concealment and in perfect shelter



CARRIG-A-HOOLY CASTLE.

were stolen from their resting-place, and conveyed, with those of thousands of her descendants, into Scotland, to be ground into manure. The theft was of course perpetrated in secret and in the night-time; if the crew had been seized by the peasantry with their singular cargo, not a man of them would have lived to tell the tale; for the Irish regard with peculiar horror any desecration of the grave-yard. It is said, however, and believed by many, that by some miraculous interposition the skull of the brave lady was conveyed back to its nook in the Abbeywall. The honour of having contained it is claimed also by Clare Island-where the stoutest of her castles stood, and where its ruins still exist. In neither place is any such relic to be now met with. At Burrishoole, there was pointed out to us a recess, in which the collected bones are believed to be those of the monks. The skulls contained here are regarded with especial veneration; and, even now, it is by no means uncommon for the peasantry to borrow one of them, when a member of the family is sick, and to boil milk in it, which is given to the sufferer as an infallible cure: the skull, when the object has been answered, is carefully restored to the heap. We examined several that had external marks of fire; and all our doubts upon the subject were removed, for a woman actually came while we were speculating concerning the matter, took a fragment of one away in her apron, and in reply to our questions, did not hesitate to assure us of her conviction that the draught so prepared would cure 'her poor babby.'"

from the flercer winds. In this vicinity, too, there are some singular caves, believed to be Druidic.*

It is in the "neighbourhood" of these wild islands, that the Enchanted Island is often seen. We made some reference to it in speaking of the Isles of Arran, but the reader will be pleased to obtain some more particular account of this, one of the most poetical of the superstitions of Ireland.

Along the whole line of coast, stretching from Donegal on the north to the Mizen-head on the south, a belief is prevalent of a rich and fertile island of great extent which lies far out in the western main. To this they have given the name of Hy Brazil, of the etymology of which we are not certain. As a proper name of persons we find that of Breassil often occurring in early Irish history; and in the ancient topography of the country we have Hy Breassil, now Clanbraissil, in Armagh, where also was Rath Brassil; another, Hy Brassil, also occurs in the old territory of Offaly. Mr. Hardiman, with much appearance of probability, derives the name from bras, fiction; aoi, island; and ile, great; i.e. "the great fictitious island." The old bards and popular tradition describe Hy Breassil as a country of perpetual sunshine, abounding in broad havens and noble rivers, in forests, mountains, and lakes; castles and palaces arise on every hill-side, or beetle above winding streams; and, far as the eye can reach, it is covered with delightful groves, and bowers embracing soft and silent glades. presenting to the happy beholder scenes and vistas of surpassing loveliness, and filling the soul with dreams of beauty and of wonder. Its fields are clothed with perennial verdure, and depastured by numerous herds; whilst its groves are ever vocal and "animate with the inspiring ecstasy of song."

Its appearance is only occasional; a condition the effect of a long enduring enchantment, which will, however, yet be dissolved. Its inhabitants are ever young, suffering no decay, and leading lives of unalloyed happiness, taking no account of the progress of time. In this respect it resembles Tir-na-n'oge, the Elysium of the Pagan Irish. Dr. O'Halloran, in his "Introduction to the History and Antiquities of Ireland," has preserved a curious legend of a residence of the celebrated Ossian, the son of Fion, in some such island, which

^{*} Carrig-a-Hooly, as at present existing, consists of a square keep of solid masonry, the surface being scarcely broken by a few windows of exceedingly small and narrow dimensions. At one corner the ruins of a projecting barbican may be traced—the whole character of the building being that of savage strength. It stands upon the rock, and appears to have been protected by a strong surrounding wall.

no doubt was a bardic invention of a very remote period, founded on the Druidic belief. "Ossine Mac Fion," says he, "seated on the banks of the Shannon, adoring the Author of Nature in the contemplation of his works, was suddenly hurried away to Tir-na-n'oge (the country of youth, or island of immortals), which he describes with all the vivacity that fancy, aided by the sight of so lovely a country as Ireland, could assist the bard with. He remained here for some days, as he thought, and on his return was greatly surprised to find no vestige of his house, or of his acquaintance. In vain did he seek after his father Fion, and his Fonne Eirion; in vain sounds the Buabhal, or well-known military clarion, to collect those intrepid warriors. Long since had these heroes been cut off in battle; long had his father ceased to live! Instead of a gallant race of mortals which he had left behind, he found a puisne and degenerate people, scarce speaking the same language. In a word, it appeared that instead of a few days, he had remained near two centuries in this mansion of the blessed. He lived to the days of Saint Patrick, and related to this apostle, after his conversion, these and many other wonders."*

This incident is far from being peculiar to the traditions of Ireland. Several of the legends and ballads of Germany turn on the unsuspected lapse of time under enchantment. In the second volume of the "German Popular Tales," Peter Claus, a goatherd of the Kyffhaus Mountain, is conducted through a cave in the mountains to a beautiful valley, where, for a short time, he assists some aged knight at playing nine-pins by fetching the bowl: on his return to his home he found he had been absent from fifteen to twenty years. Hogg's beautiful "Kilmeny" is founded on a similar fiction in Scotland; and the marvellous tale of the "Seven Sleepers," under the high sanction of the prophet Mahomet, has, in various forms, according to Gibbon, been adopted by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

A belief, somewhat similar to that prevalent along the Irish shores, has obtained in various regions from the earliest periods, and the site of the fabled island or continent has been always placed somewhere in the Atlantic. It has been received into the mythology of the most ancient people. Pindar describes the place of rest of the old Greek heroes, as the—

^{*} Akin to this is the Killarney story of the O'Donaghue-although a lake, and not the ocean, is the scene of his enchantment.

"Iste of the blest,
Where ocean breezes blow
Round flowers of gold that glow
On stream or strand,
Or glorious trees, whence they
Wreath chaplets for the neck and hand."—OLMYP. HIL.

Its origin is in all probability oriental; such are the Chandra dwip, or Sacred Isles of the West, of the Hindoos, which the Puranas place in the western seas. The Egyptians believed in a similar insular paradise, and from them came the report which Plato, in Timæus, has recorded of the fabled island of Atlantis. Cretias, one of the speakers, professes to have received it from his grandfather, who heard it from Solon, who had received his instruction amongst the priests of Egypt. According to this legend, the island lay opposite the Straits of Gades, and had been inhabited by a mighty race, the conquerors of a large portion of Europe and Africa. In a subsequent era, however, the island, either by means of an earthquake or some great inundation, was suddenly absorbed into the bosom of the ocean, and of its vast extent not a particle remained, unless we adopt the conjecture that the Azores, Canary Islands, &c., may have been fragments of it. Ammianus Marcellinus, and Crantor also, l'lato's first interpreter, regarded the disappearance of this island as an undoubted fact. But may not the story of this Atlantis, after all, have originated out of other causes? As for instance, might we not suggest one of those optical illusions called the mirage, arising out of the vapoury exhalations so frequent along maritime coasts, and known to sailors and fishermen as "fog-banks," and to the Italians by the name of one of their fairy enchantresses, the Fata (or fairy) Morgana, who reigns supreme between Reggio and Messina, and deludes the seafarer by the appearance of glittering palaces and splendours? The appearance of these reflections, for such they are, is generally so imposing as to elude the closest examination, and has often held out the hope of repose to the sea-worn mariner, to end but in disappointment, disappearing as the power of the sun operates on them. The mirage is not unknown on the Irish coast and the margins of some of the Irish lakes and rivers. It presented to the eye headlands elevated into mountains; these again vanishing and giving way to softly-swelling wooded hills, embattled castles, spreading woods, and sunny glades; and again, the scene shifting to a battle-field, with armies in conflict: and then the vision dissolved away. Visions like these, presented to an

ignorant people, would be fully sufficient to account for all the fables of sacred and submerged islands, floating amongst the ancients; but another aiding cause may also be found in those early discoveries made in the western seas by Phœnician and Carthaginian navigators, which they were so anxious to conceal from all other nations, and of which, nevertheless, some vague whisperings may have transpired, and become subsequently grafted on the doctrine of these blessed islands. The belief, however, such as it was, and however compounded, travelled westward with the stream of population; and when those islands of the western main, once, perhaps, partly the subject of these rumours, were colonized, the traditionary, or mythologic creed, continued still unsatisfied, and the fabled island stood still further out, in "some blue summer ocean far off and alone." Hence came those submarine cities and islands, occasionally emerging and becoming visible and stationary, of which the legends, surviving the days of Paganism, continue to linger amongst, and haunt the memories of the people of the western shores of Europe, no less than of Africa. Such were the lost city Ys, in the bay of Duarnenez, in Brittany; the island of Avalon, of the British romances; the submerged kingdom of Lyonesse, of the Cornish legends; and the Icockane (or country of the waves) of the early Saxons.

"The inhabitants of Madeira and Puerto Santo are still persuaded, that in clear weather they see land in a western horizon, and always in the same direction." (Hist. Marit. Discovery.) Washington Irving has availed himself of this legend in his tale of "The Enchanted Island." He tells us, "that it has been occasionally seen from the shores of the Canaries, stretching away in the clear bright west, with long and shadowy promontories and high sun-gilt peaks. Numerous expeditions, both in ancient and modern days, have launched forth from the Canaries in quest of this island, but, on their approach, mountain and promontory have gradually faded away, until nothing has remained but the blue sky above, and the deep blue water below." It is certain that the name of the "Isles of Brazil" occurs on maps of the fourteenth century, in the neighbourhood of the Azores, and it is supposed that the belief in their existence was one of the inducements which tempted Columbus to the adventure which led to the discovery of America. As late as the last century, reports of this Brazil having been seen by mariners were in circulation, and believed; and by some the name of Saint Brendan's

Island was given to it. This was a compliment fairly merited by that adventurous saint. His "prodigious voyages" in search of it, which lasted seven years, entitled him to all the honours and privileges of discovery. The ancient traditions, to which we have been referring, and which nowhere were more firmly believed than in his native district of Kerry, it was, which doubtless lured him to the search. In the year 545, having laid in provisions for fifty days, he first ventured on his quest from a bay in the west of Kerry, since from him denominated Brandon Bay. His course, we are informed, lay contra solstitium æstivale, supposed to mean the north-west, or setting of the sun in summer, and after a voyage of fifteen days, the wind ceasing, the vessel was abandoned to its own course; its crew having lost all knowledge of the direction they were moving in. Finally, they reached a great island or continent, which, after having traversed for fifteen days more, they could not reach the end of. Of the wonderful places-miranda loca-which they saw, it is unnecessary here to speak; but the report which they brought home did not by any means tend to abate the curiosity of all concerning this most mysterious island, and at long intervals, in subsequent times, we find that other voyages on a similar search were afterwards undertaken.

Mr. Hardiman (Irish Minstrelsy) has published from a rare pamphlet, printed in London in 1675, several curious particulars respecting the alleged discovery of this hazy land about that time. It is entitled, "O'Brazile, or the Enchanted Island, being a perfect Relation of the late Discovery and wonderful Disenchantment of an Island on the North of Ireland." The writer avows that he had been himself at first sceptical regarding the existence of this island, notwithstanding that "many sober and religious persons would constantly affirm, that in bright days (especially in summer-time) they could perfectly see a very large absolute island; but, after long looking at it, it would disappear; and that sometimes one friend and neighbour would call another to behold it, until there would be a considerable number together, every one of which would not be persuaded but that they perfectly saw it: and some of them have made towards it in boats, but when they came to the place where they thought it was, they have found nothing." The finding the name of O'Brazile on the maps, however, and the circumstance of a "wise man and great scholar" having, in the reign of Charles I., taken out a patent for its discovery, produced a conversion for which posterity has reason to be thankful. It was,

therefore, nothing very astonishing to him to learn, in 1674, that on the 2d of March of that year, a Captain Nesbitt had actually discovered and landed on the island, which he explored to a considerable distance, as well as disenchanted. The latter consummation was effected by the simple process of lighting a fire within it. "Since then," the writer says, "several godly ministers and others are gone to visit and discover them" (the inhabitants); but, as the writer had heard nothing of their return, he says he awaits (with a becoming patience) a more perfect relation. Whether that was ever given we are left in ignorance; but the probability is, as arising from a silence of over 165 years, that the disenchantment was but temporary, and that these "godly ministers and others" have been exposed to the fate of Ossian of old, as heretofore related. When the day of their release shall arrive, we may hope to hear of strange discoveries.

EAUTY and magnificence of scenery increase as we proceed; about midway to Achill Sound is the small village of Bunown, where the Tourist will certainly give his horse a rest; for probably the whole line of the Irish coast does not supply a view at once so grand and so inconceivably lovely. Yet it is all taken in at a glance. In the extreme

distance, across the bay, rises a line of mountains, of which the venerable and legend-haunted Croagh Patrick is the highest—seen with its peaked top in the clouds. Midway is the broad bay, dotted with islands. We stand above a terrific precipice; the rocky strand beneath us, although at a considerable distance off, seems so immediately under our feet, that a stone thrown from the summit by a child's hand may reach the ocean—and so indeed it will, but not at a single bound; it goes rushing and plunging down the steep, leaping over every opposing barrier, now and then springing upwards many feet into the air, and at length, when nearly out of sight, surmounting its last obstruction, and plunging in among the breakers, the white foam of which dashes against the sides of the huge precipice below.

The coast surrounding Connamara abounds with seals: the peasants generally consider them to be the souls of departed men and women condemned for

awhile to enter these forms. Some very interesting stories are told having this superstition for their foundation. The reader may here permit us to give some account of the poetical superstition of these sea men and maidens.

The Merrow is one of the most fertile of the Irish superstitions: the merrow is akin to the mermaid, lives in the sea along the coast, and revels amid storms; the shrieks of the Merrows are heard whenever the tempest rises, and a stout vessel is known to have gone down. The ladies of this race not unfrequently beguile into ocean depths some being of earth, to be husband to some one of them: and in "ould times" it was not rare for a gay fellow who had taken too much whisky, to find himself, much against his will, mixing it with salt water: such is the legend of one of the heroes of the tales—O'SULLIVAN MORE:

"When by moonlight the waters were hush'd to repose, A beautiful spirit of ocean arose, Her hair, full of lustre, just floated and fell O'er her bosom, that heaved with a billowy swell."

The result of course is that the O'Sullivan, loving the ocean maid, plunges with her beneath its depths: and his clansmen look in vain for their chief.

Mermen and mermaids have indeed been themes of legends in every nation: but the Irish merrow seems more essentially human. We have heard, indeed, of attempts to catch these beings in traps: and one of the pleasantest of Croker's legends, entitled "The Soul Cages," tells the story of an old man who cooped up souls in lobster-pots at the bottom of the sea, who were relieved from dismal captivity by one Jack Dogherty, who was continually diving down to turn up the pots and set free the imprisoned souls.

Akin to this is a superstition very prevalent in the north—among the wilds of Mayo and Donegal: and the marvels of the Giant's Causeway! There, as we have intimated, the seals are regarded with superstitious dread.

Upon this wild and magnificent coast, there are thousands who give implicit credit to marvellous stories of which a seal is the hero, or we should rather say the heroine, for nearly the whole of them relate to females. A belief prevails that seals are the embodied spirits of human beings who perished in the flood: compelled to exist in this form by way of penance, until purified by the destruction of the world by fire:—fire, according to their notions, testing all things—when they will obtain freedom, and enter the mansions of the blessed. Tradition adds, however, that once in every century they are

permitted to resume their original forms, and for the space of twelve hours, or from sunset to sunrise, sport upon their native earth, laying aside their "skins," which they are forced to resume before they can return to the waters: but if by any accident they lose their skins, until they regain them they cannot return to their native element.

We heard a story of John o' the Glen, who was out one day looking after a little smuggling, when he heard a sudden sound of sea music. So, 'cute enough, he dragged himself up to the edge of the ledge of the rock that overlooked the wide ocean, and what should he see but about twenty as fine well-grown men and women as ever eye looked on, dancing! not a hearty jig or a reel, but a solemn sort of dance, on the sands, while they sung their unnatural song, all as solemn as they danced; and they had such queer things on their heads as never were seen before, and the ladies' hair was twisted and twined round and round their heads.

Looking about him, he saw in a corner a heap of seal-skins: so he slily drew one of them to him, and thought he never saw so beautiful a skin before; so all at onee, there was a skirl of a screech among the dancers and singers; and before poor John had time to return the skin, all of them came hurrying towards where he lay: and off he ran, hiding the skin in his bosom, and himself behind a bit of a rock. Well, for ever so long, nothing could equal the ullabaloo and "shindy" kicked up all about where he lay—such talking and screaming and bellowing, and at last he hears another awful roar, and then all was as still as a bridegroom's tongue at the end of the first month, except a sort of snuffling and snorting in the sand.

At last he peeps out, and hears the low wail of a young girl—soft and low and full of sorrow, like the bleat of a kid for its mother or a dove for its mate. "Oh, murder!" says he, "I never can stand that." To spring over was the work of a single minute; and, sure enough, sitting there, leaning the sweetest little head that ever carried two eyes in it, upon its dawshy hand, was as lovely a young lady as John ever looked on. She had a loose sort of dress, drawn in at her throat with a gold string, and he saw at once that she was one of the outlandish people who had disappeared all so quick.

"Avourneen das! my lady," says John, making his best bow, "and what ails you, darling stranger?" Well, she made no answer, only looked askew at him, and John O'Glin thought she didn't sigh so bitterly as she had done at

first; and he came a little nearer, and "Cushla ma chree, beauty of the waters," he says, "I'm sorry for your trouble."

So she turns round her little face to him, and her eyes were as dark as the best black turf, and as round as a periwinkle.

"Creature," she says, "do you speak Hebrew?" "I'd speak anything," he answers, "to speak with you." "Then," she says again, "have you seen my skin?" "Yes, darling," he says in reply, looking at her with every eye in his head. "Where, where is it?" she cries, jumping up and clasping her two little hands together, and dropping on her knees before John.

"Where is it?" he repeats, raising her gently up; "why, on yourself, to be sure, as white and as clear as the foam on a wave in June."

"Oh, it's the other skin I want," she cries, bursting into tears.

"Shall I skin myself and give it you, to please you, my lady?" he replies; "sure I will, and welcome, if it will do you any good, sooner than have you bawling and roaring this way," he says, "like an angel," he says.

"What a funny creature you are!" she answers, laughing a lilt of a laugh up in his face; "but you're not a seal," she says, "and so your skin would do me no good."

"Whew!" thought John O'Glin; "whew; now all the blossom is out on the may-bush; now my eyes are opened;" for he knew the sense of what he had seen, and how the whole was a memory of the old world.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the poor fellow, for it never took him any time at all to fall in love; "I'll tell you what it is; don't bother any more about your bit of a skin, but take me instead of it—that is," he said, and he changed colour at the bare thought of it, "that is, unless you're married in your own country."

Well, the end of it was, the lady went home with John—they soon found a priest who married them—and in due course came a lot of children—for it was in the time of the mealy potatoes.

But the wife was always coaxing him to tell her where he had hidden away her skin. But he'd stand out that he knew nothing about it; and it's a wonder he was heart-proof against her soft, deludering, soothering ways: you'd have thought she'd been a right woman all her life, to hear her working away at the "Ah, do," and "Ah, don't;" and then, if she didn't exactly get what she wanted, she'd pout a bit; and if that didn't do, she'd bring him the youngest

babby; and if he was hardened entirely, she'd sit down in a corner and cry; that never failed, except when she'd talk of the skin—and out and out, she never got any good of him about it—at all! But there's no end to female wit; they'll sit putting that and that together, and looking as soft and as fair-faced all the while as if they had no more care than a blind piper's dog, that has nothing to do but to catch the halfpence. "I may as well give up watching her," said John to himself; "for even if she did find it, and that's not likely, she might leave me (though that's not easy), but she'd never leave the children;" and so he gave her a parting kiss, and set off to the fair of Castlebar. Well, while he was away, as ill-luck would have it, she found the skin: and kissing her children she set off to the shore: and when John came home, the wife was gone, the children were hungry, and the house was desolate.

So poor John lamented, and betook himself and the three children to the shore, and would wail and cry; but he never saw her after; and the children, so pretty in their infancy, grew up little withered atomies, that you'd tell any where to be seal's children—little, 'cute, yellow, shrivelled, dawshy creatures—only very sharp indeed at the learning, and crabbed in the languages, beating priest, minister, and schoolmaster—particularly at the Hebrew. More than once, though John never saw her, he heard his wife singing the songs they often sung together, right under the water; and he'd sing in answer, and then there'd be a sighing and sobbing.

FTER leaving Bunown, the scenery becomes still wilder; and we enter upon a tract of country thronging with lakes in the midst of extensive bogs, formed by innumerable streams that rush into the valleys from the adjacent mountains. It is impossible to convey to those who can appreciate the grace and beauty of "naked Nature," an idea of the many and powerful fascinations that meet the eye at every step; each turn of the road brings in view some striking object near or distant—the shadowy but picturesque outlines of the far-off hills, the foaming cataracts near at hand, and the white threads, as it were, that mark their progress down the amphitheatre of hills, which seem actually to render the valley impassable, and now and then to permit no other egress but by the ocean.

Not the least of the many attractions of the scenery consists in the countless hues cast upon the landscape by either the rising, the mid-day, or the setting sun, shining upon the rocks covered with heath and wild flowers, and the thin herbage—"ever-green."



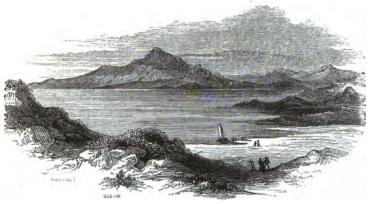
Clew Bay is perhaps as beautiful a thing of its kind as can be seen; when viewed from the mountains that surround it, it is magnificent. The appended cut will convey some idea of the Bay with its host of islands. It is copied from the Map of the Railway Commissioners. The varied shapes of the rocky shore, the towering summits of Croagh Patrick, and the numerous and varied islands that literally crowd this part of the coast, present a picture worthy any artist's pencil. The lofty rocks and the solemn mountain passes that lead

towards Achill are also delightful places for the botanist to ramble;

" With gaudy flowers the cliffs are gay;"

and among the many beautiful plants, the heath, only to be met with here and on the shores of the Mediterranean, is deserving of especial notice. The silvery bunches of the bog-flax, waving luxuriantly over the flats, and agreeably dotting their surfaces with its brilliant whiteness, are also peculiarly grateful to the eye. But why stay to enumerate where all is beautiful? The road from Clew Bay to the Island of Achill crosses the mountains, and gives us a view of a smaller bay, 'Black Sod Harbour,' the point of land styled 'the Mullet,' and the islands of Inisboffin and Inisture. The savage grandeur of those lonely hills, over which the wild juniper and purple heath spread so luxuriantly, and down whose

sides fall the mountain-torrents like so many silver threads—the magnificent clouds that encircle their heads, and which claim for Ireland preeminence in cloud scenery—the sea studded with islands, and stretching forth towards America—when combined, as we saw them, with the glorious arch of the rainbow, to be traced by the eye from one point of land to the other, and typical of the overruling power of their Maker spanning these enormous hills, gave a sublimity to the scene that words altogether fail in conveying.



CLEW PAY.

Among the mountains that look down upon Achill, over many of which perhaps human foot has never trodden, the red-deer still keeps his haunts: occasionally they are encountered in the valleys: and now and then one of them becomes the prey of a hungry peasant. We were told a striking story in this neighbourhood:—In a lonely lake hidden among the hills, there is a small island; a few cabins skirt its sides. Late one summer evening the dwellers saw a stag of prodigious size swimming across to this island; they watched all night round the banks, and by daybreak having procured a boat and fire-arms, made arrangements for securing the stranger. They neared the island skilfully and cautiously; all were ready; but the reeds upon the land remained unshaken, the furze and the heather seemed completely undisturbed. A man bolder than

his fellows at length landed, and found the aged stag dead; he had gone to die in his old lair.

At length, by an easy descent, we approach the coast, of which, for some miles, we have had but occasional glances; and the island of Achill, appearing as part of the mainland, rises to sight,—the tops of its two high mountains, Croghan and Slievemore, having been for a long time visible. At Achill Sound there is a ferry-boat to the island; the passage across being about a quarter of a mile, at low water. The habitations of the islanders are very singular. Their houses are heaps of rude stones moulded by the tide, procured from the beach, uncemented; they are rounded at the gables, and roofed with fern, heath, and shingles, fastened on by straw bands. In the village of Dooagha, consist-



THE VILLAGE OF DOOAGHA.

ing of about forty cabins, there is not a single chimney. Some of the wealthier graziers, however, have an odd custom of residing in such houses, or in houses of a still more simple construction, only during the summer months, when the season for fishing is "on," and their cattle are brought down towards the coast to feed on the young herbage. These hovels they call "Builly houses." There is not a single tree upon the whole island, with the exception of two or three recently planted in "the Colony;" although there are abundant marks of its

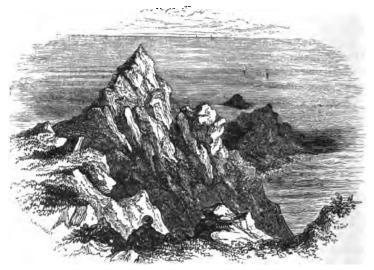
having been long ago one huge and pathless forest. It is full of lakes; the shores abound in wild fowl of every description, and the mountains with grouse. The foxes are so numerous, that the young lambs are never safe. Seals are seen at times in shoals among the rocks; and the ravens and the eagles exist in astonishing numbers in the cliffs and recesses of the hills. The eagles, indeed, seemed so unconscious of fear that they remained within a very short distance of us; and one magnificent fellow soared over our heads, within pistol-shot, for above an hour, keeping on our course so near that we could count the feathers on his wings.

Our first object after entering the island was to engage the services of guides: two stout-limbed, athletic, and most obliging fellows, brothers of the name of O'Malley—a "grate name" in Mayo, and a "powerful faction" among rich and poor—presented themselves and were retained. Under their direction we commenced the ascent of the Croghan mountain—2,254 feet above the level of the sea. We should scarcely have been tempted to this arduous undertaking, but that the top seemed at no great distance; when we had surmounted it, however, we found ourselves at the foot of another still higher; and when this difficulty was overcome, a third was before us, higher yet. In fact, we had to climb three mountains instead of one. But, in truth,

"The mountain top, when climb'd, did well o'erpay The scalers' toil."

From the commencement of the ascent, indeed, we became exceedingly interested in the prospect all around us; we soon obtained a view of Clew Bay, with its host of islands—Clare Island, with its tremendous precipices, topping them all. The hills were covered with wild flowers, in immense varieties; of the orchis tribe there were numerous specimens; the heaths were in rich luxuriance, and among them is plentifully found the Erica Mediterranea, to be procured in no other part of the United Kingdom; and the wild juniper formed almost a close matting under our feet. Two or three foxes ran along our way; and many times the eagle rose from his eyrie and hovered above us. Once we nearly trod upon the nest of a grouse; the bird was sitting, and flew off as we approached. We stood a few minutes to examine her eggs, and were startled by an almost human cry of sorrow from the summit of an adjoining crag. It was the wail of the frightened bird; and we passed upwards without

disturbing her dwelling. Looking below, we saw the village of Keem (now a mass of ruined hovels), and the village of Dooagha, dwindled almost to a few specks; while the winding roads about the island seemed no broader than a ribbon. At length we reached the summit—and what a view! On one side was beautiful Clew Bay; and on the other a bay scarcely less beautiful, Blacksod Harbour. Behind us were the island hills and valleys, and the mountain of



CROGHAN MOUNTAIN, LOOKING OVER THE ATLANTIC.

Slievemore, which, although nearly as high as Croghan, we seemed to look down upon. Before us was the broad Atlantic—no spot of rock or land upon which a sea-mew could find rest, between us and America; so that, literally, as the guide said, "if we flung a stone out of our hands it would fall into another world, barring it didn't sink in the sea." It was, indeed, a glorious sight, but one to which no language can do justice. Having "drunk our full" of the grandeur, magnificence, and surpassing beauty of the scene, we sate awhile upon a moss-covered bank, just above the mighty ocean that rolled back in masses from the black rocks

against which it foamed; and we spoke of the land and sea legends which, as may be imagined, are here closely mingled. Beneath us were two solitary rocks, seemingly broken off from the mainland, but in reality parts of it; although separated by a frightful chasm, through which the sea rolls at high-water. After the long and toilsome ascent, the traveller finds, on gaining the summit, that he stands on the brink of an enormous precipice, presenting a nearly perpendicular wall to the Atlantic. This side of the mountain forms a sort of semicircular bay-and these two lone islands, or rather rocks, jut out to the sea beyond; their savage quietude being broken only by the billows that beat against their base. They fall back into the sea foaming and sparkling: but no sound is heard—we are far above its reach—and the effect is not a little enhanced by the strife of waters continuing in silent power beneath us. The islands themselves seem but as fallen masses of rock, and the enormous fragments that have fallen to the foot of the mountain upon which we stand appear but as "pieces" that might easily be lifted by the hand. It is difficult to believe that the dark atoms which move over their surface are human creatures—some of the fishermen, inhabitants of the island.

We have occupied considerable space in treating of the island of Achill, and yet we have not said of it half "our say." It is wonderfully full of matter for the tourist: there would be no great difficulty in procuring there materials for a volume; and not a volume of mere descriptive details, or legends of past and existing superstitions,—it possesses amazing stores of wealth for the geologist, the botanist, and the antiquary; but to the philanthropist it may become a still more fertile scene of inquiry and labour. In a book of this class, intended so entirely for general readers, and tourists of all opinions, we repeat what we have said elsewhere, it is our especial duty to avoid the introduction of all controversial points. In writing of Achill, therefore, we shall do no more than direct attention to the far-famed PROTESTANT COLONY.

It is situated on the northern part of the island, near the village of Dugorth, at the foot of Slievemore, and at the mouth of a small bay. The establishment was commenced in the year 1833, for the avowed purpose of "converting Romanists;" a tract of reclaimable land was obtained, and the minister "entered upon his work" on the 1st of August, 1834. The Colony has endured, and unquestionably "flourished," notwithstanding its obvious peril from the opponents and adversaries by whom it was on all sides surrounded.

Our readers will hold us excused if we leave them to draw their own conclusions from their visit—if they pay one; or from the statements which from either side they may obtain "in heaps."

And here we take leave of this wild district, unsurpassed in naked grandeur and savage magnificence by any part of the British dominion.

Perhaps no country of the world is so rich in materials for the Painter; nowhere can he find more admirable subjects for his pencil, whether he study the immense varieties of nature, or human character as infinitely varied. The artist by whom this district has not been visited, can indeed have no idea of its surpassing grandeur and sublimity;—go where he will he finds a picture; the lines of the mountains covered with heather; the rocks of innumerable shapes; the "passes," rugged, but grand to a degree; the finest rivers, always rapid—salmon-leaps upon almost every one of them; the broadest and richest lakes, full of small islands, and at times clothed with luxuriant foliage along their sides; in fact, Nature nowhere presents such abundant and such extraordinary stores of wealth to the painter—and even now it has been very little resorted to. Add to this, that every peasant the artist will encounter furnishes a striking and picturesque sketch; and as they are usually met in groups, scarcely one will be without this valuable accessary to the landscape.

E have thus conducted the Tourist into the West and through Connamara. It will be obvious that of the West there remains much we have not touched upon. Of the whole of the county of Sligo, the savage districts of Erris and Tyrawley, and the almost trackless wilds that ensue between Mayo and the North, we have taken

no account, and the Tourist, if he proceed thither, must gather knowledge as he goes—a task that will not be difficult. Of the country south of Galway, between the City of the Tribes and the Shannon, we have said as little, omitting all notice of the country of Clare with its many attractions of fertile beauty and savage grandeur. To have gone at

length into these subjects would have been apart from our plan, as increasing too much the size of our volume. Yet the Tourist will perhaps be occasionally

tempted to take this route from Killarney,—landing at Kilrush on the Clare side from Tarbert on the Kerry coast,—a route that will amply compensate him, by its many and various attractions of lake and river, mountain and glen, sea coast and ocean.

Information on this topic will be readily obtained by the Tourist during his progress; and the tour will be neither inconvenient nor uncomfortable.

To Connamara, however, we hope we have accorded justice; and, surely, we must have shown the English Tourist, in particular, how much of pleasure he may enjoy, how much of information he may acquire, and how much of interest will be excited, by even a brief journey through the most beautiful and magnificent of the scenery of the British Islands, and among a people full of original character; peaceable under terrible privations, honest under pressing temptations, kindly and courteous at all times, and in all places, to "the strangers" by whom they are visited.

Upon this point indeed all travellers bear eager testimony. Sir Francis Head says, "The Irish are a people for whom, as long as I may be permitted to live, I shall entertain an unalterable affectionate regard." Dr. Ellis refers to "the estimable and loveable qualities" of the Irish peasant; his "warm heart, his genuine hospitality," the "love of kindred," the "parental and filial affections." The "Saxon in Ireland," with whose name we are unacquainted, but to whose charming and very useful book we have repeatedly referred, bears the strongest testimony on these several points: as an Englishman travelling so much and in so many places of the West, that testimony is of no common value, He says:—"I do not hesitate to confess that Ireland, in the fertility of its soil, the kindness and hospitality of its people, and the beauty of its scenery, has far surpassed my expectations." Again: -- "For courtesy, good-humour, willingness to oblige, and kindness of heart to a suffering fellow-creature, they have no equals." Again:-"The people naturally are brave, generous, and polite; they are grateful for the kind word, and the just act." Mr. White, from whose agreeable volume we have also quoted, expresses his belief that "there is no part of Her Majesty's dominions where persons may travel with more security:" he adds, "I have never heard of a stranger being in any way molested." *

^{*} Mr. White adds, "I cannot give a stronger instance of the security to life and property that exists in Connamara, than by mentioning the fact that Mr. Robertson (a Scottish gentleman,

In closing our volume, it is unnecessary to comment on the rare treat which Connamara will afford by its beautiful and grand scenery: the reader who has followed us thus far will have been satisfied to his heart's content, nor will he have failed to mourn over its melancholy signs of neglect, while full of hope in its future. We have shown indeed that "bog succeeds bog; miserable cabins cluster occasionally in pestilential flats;—here a ruined or neglected mansion, with its scanty grove of ash-trees or of melancholy poplars; there a lake smiling in the sunshine amid bleak and treeless shores, like a good painting in a wretched frame,—all bespeaks neglect, poverty, and ruin; and seldom is it that the eye rests upon a well-cultivated arable tract, or meadow lands duly fenced or cared for. Capabilities abound, but are unthought of and unappropriated; and the wearied eye gazes and gases on till the heart sickens and the spirit waxes faint."

For these drawbacks to his enjoyment he must be prepared, and he will no doubt often ask, with the author from whom we have so frequently quoted, "Why for so long a period have the inhabitants of Ireland been centrifugally ejected from their country, as if its lovely verdant surface were a land blasted by pestilence, or as if its virtuous and intelligent peasantry were malefactors who had been sentenced to transportation?"

But while he thus mourns over the moral and physical desert, let him feel assured that Providence will give in the future ample compensation for the past: if he be enabled to compare the "wild West" of twenty years ago with

lessee of the fisheries at Ballynahinch,) has no locks to any of the doors of his house." And
"the Saxon in Ireland" writes thus: "I stayed two days and two nights in a farm-house among
the monntains of Mayo, which was undefended by either lock or bolt; I have travelled on foot
and on horseback, unattended, through wild and lonely districts, after nightfall; I have passed
through the midst of faction-fights, and sojourned in cabins on the solitary shares of the Atlantic,
and among the wild moors of the West; but never yet met with either theft, robbery, or violence,
nay, not even with one symptom of incivility or disrespect."

To these we may add the results of our own experience: we have posted from time to time in the several districts of Ireland—north, south, east, and west—upon the common cars of the country, between 5,000 and 6,000 miles: we have journeyed at all hours of the day and night, in places the wildest and most savage, often a guest in a poor way-side inn; we have been at fairs and "patterns" innumerable, and pursued our inquiries among all classes—yet we never lost the value of a shilling in any of our journeyings, never have been subjected to the slightest interruption or insult,—but knew everywhere and in all places, that travel where or how we might, we were as safe as we could have been at midday in the heart of London.

The Irish may smile at so much emphasis on a simple truth: but these observations are addressed to the English, among whom prejudice yet remains, though lessening daily, and apprehension of danger during a tour in Ireland still to some extent exists.

the Connamara of to-day, he will know that although much is yet to do in this comparatively primitive district, much has of a surety been done: and we cannot do better than close our book with a passage from Sir Humphrey Davy, when writing of the district through which we have been travelling:—

"Its natural advantages are preeminent: it contains an untouched fund of wealth,—admirably situated for commercial intercourse with the whole world,—intersected by navigable rivers and lakes,—supplied abundantly with fuel,—possessing limestone, prepared for the fire, in every district,—abounding in mineral treasures, coal and iron below, and an inexhaustible source of manure upon the surface; it needs only an enterprising spirit, directed by science, calling forth and awakening the industry of the people, to render it, in proportion to its extent, the most productive—the richest part of the empire."



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